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OVERLAND KIT.



Kit slackened the pace of his horse a little on the crest of the hill, turned his head and looked back, as if to laugh in defiance at his pursuers.

OVERLAND KIT; OR, THE IDYL OF WHITE PINE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

Author of "Witches of New York," "Wolf Demon," "White Witch," etc.

CHAPTER I. THE ROAD-AGENTS.

Just as the full, round moon rose above the rocky peaks that hemmed in the Reese river, and cast her broad, bright beam down upon the little road that ran by the side of the stream, bathing hill, valley and rolling water in a flood of silvery light, the overland coach from Austen, bound for Ione, rolled up to Kennedy's Ranch.

The driver descended from the box, bawled out "supper," and the passengers commenced to alight from the coach.

Down from the box, from his seat by the driver's side, came a stout, muscular Irishman, upon whose honest and good-humored face was a broad grin, caused by the pleasant announcement of the dinner. He was called Patsey Doolin. From the interior of the Concord coach came a portly man, with a grave, staid face, lit up by large gray eyes and fringed by iron-gray hair. "Judge" Ephraim Jones was one of the principal citizens of the mining camp, known as Spur City, that lay twenty miles beyond Kennedy's Ranch, and was the next stopping-place of the coach.

Kennedy, the proprietor of the Ranch, greeted the Judge—every one called the merchant "Judge," although the only reason for the title was his grave and stately manner—with great respect.

After the Judge, came an elderly, white-haired man, with a fat, unctious face, wherein twinkled two sharp little blue eyes. In form he was portly and commanding. An air of intense respectability sat upon him. He was evidently a man well to do in the world, and one who fully understood what good living meant. This well-preserved old gentleman was from New York city, and was known as Salmon Renmet—by profession a lawyer, and reputed to be one of the keenest in all Gotham.

After descending to the ground, the old lawyer turned to the coach, and gallantly assisted a lady out.

A young and beautiful girl, some two and twenty years of age. In figure, she was tall and straight, exquisitely proportioned, the rounded outlines of her form giving fair promise of a glorious womanhood. Her face oval; its complexion, the rich creamy hue, of new milk, and the blush of the crimson rose-leaf blended; eyes, dark-blue, rich and lustrous in their light; her hair, the golden brown that seems to woo the sunbeams. She was called Bernice Gwyne. She was a wealthy heiress; orphaned, and the old lawyer acted as a sort of protector to her.

A strange motive brought the fair young girl and the astute, comfort-loving old lawyer to the wild mining region, known as White Pine.

A few words will explain.

Twenty years before the time at which our story commences, two brothers were doing business together in New York—two men of Irish descent, Patrick and Daniel Gwyne. Daniel was the father of Bernice. He died while she was but an infant. Bernice was taken in charge by her uncle, Patrick, who reared her as carefully as if she had been his own child. Patrick Gwyne had but a single scion—a son, some ten years older than Bernice, named Patrick, after himself.

Patrick, the father, was a steady, sober man of business; Patrick, the son, was a wild, reckless youth; all the fire of the old Irish blood was in his veins and swayed all his actions.

Vainly his father remonstrated with him upon his wayward course.

The blow that the anxious sire expected, came at last. In a drunken quarrel, in a gaming-house, young Patrick Gwyne stabbed one of his companions to the heart.

The blow really was struck in self-defense,

but the curse of Cain was upon the forehead of the reckless youth, and he fled in haste from the city where he had first seen the light.

Hot pursuit was given, for the dead youth came of a wealthy family, who burned to avenge his death; but, in the Far West, amid the pine-clad sierras, where the golden mass lies deep hid in the rocky "pocket," and veins of silver streak the quartz, the fugitive found shelter and bid defiance to pursuit.

Time, that in its flight brings forgetfulness in its train, covered young Patrick Gwyne and his crime from sight with the dark waters of oblivion.

The stern father, like the Roman parent of ancient time, cursed the son who had dishonored his race. He forbade the mention of his name within the household. The grave and silent man strove, in Bernice's love, to forget that he had once had a son.

Six months before the time that our story opens, old Patrick Gwyne died, leaving all his property to his niece, Bernice. The outcast son was not even mentioned in his will; though it was true that no one knew whether he was alive or dead, for, since the time of his flight from New York, ten years before, not a single word regarding him had ever been received.

Bernice waited until the estate was all settled up, and then coolly announced to Mr. Salmon Renmet—who, as the legal adviser of her deceased uncle, had charge of his affairs—that it was her intention to go to the Far West and discover whether her cousin, Patrick, was alive or dead, before she would touch one single penny of her uncle's money. Bernice had quite a little fortune of her own, inherited from her father.

The lawyer remonstrated, but in vain; the mind of the girl was fixed, and words could not turn her from her purpose.

She declared that she felt sure that her cousin was still living, and she would not touch the money that belonged by rights to him.

This determination puzzled the old lawyer greatly. He had little idea of the reason that impelled the girl to act as she did.

Bernice, the child of twelve years, had loved her cousin, the youth of twenty; loved him as a child, but, as she grew to womanhood, she kept his memory green in her heart. Every night before she closed her eyes in sleep, his handsome, manly face floated before her eyes.

This love it was, deep down in her heart, a perpetual well-spring of joy, that caused her

to reject the suitors who had tried to win her smiles. It was this childish affection, strengthened by years into womanly love, which had brought her two thousand miles or more to seek the man who, for one wild act of passion, when the maddening fumes of liquor had fired his brain to frenzy, had been compelled to fly from civilized life and find a refuge amid the canons of the Far Western sierras, the haunts of the wolf, the red Indian, and the crime-stained white outcast.

At Bernice's urgent entreaty, the old lawyer had consented to accompany her on what he, not inaptly, termed a wild-goose chase.

The great silver discoveries had just been made in the White Pine region, as the old lawyer and the young girl set out on their mission. All California was rushing there, and, thinking if Patrick Gwyne lived, he might be attracted there, too, the lawyer headed his course in that direction. There was also another motive; Renmet had a son who had been in business in San Francisco, failed there, and had located in Spur City, the point to which the lawyer was now conducting Bernice.

The crafty and keen-witted old gentleman had formed a little scheme in which he needed his son's assistance.

Renmet had not the slightest hope of finding any trace of the outcast, for whom Bernice was in search, but he had made up his mind to turn this Western trip to serve his own purpose.

What that was, our story will tell.

Judge Jones, the Irishman, Mr. Renmet and Bernice, were all the passengers that journeyed in the coach.

"Come, hurry up your cakes, old boss," cried the driver of the coach to Kennedy, the ranchman. The driver was called Ginger Bill, on account of his flowing red locks and beard.

In the mining districts few popular men but have some designation attached to their own proper name.

"Oh, I ain't got time to tarry. I ain't got time to wait, old boss!"

Billy sung at the top of his voice, cracking his long whip in the air.

"What's your hurry?" asked Kennedy.

"Why, I want for to slap this coach inter Spur City afore twelve, you bet! I want to git a chance to, shake a leg at the Eldorado afore I turn in."

"Rock back Davy cuttin' up a shind."

"Gal with the red hair kickin' up ahind!"

"Supper'll be ready in a minute. Didn't

expect you so soon. You're ahead of time to-night."

"I'm jist old lightnin' now, furst thing you know! 'Sides, I wanted for to make here 'fore dark. The road 'tween here an' Jacobville ain't all hunky, arter sundown, since Overland Kit's taken to lookin' arter it," Bill said, significantly.

"Overland Kit? Who's he?" asked the lawyer, who was standing near by, with Bernice on his arm.

"Guess you're a stranger round hyer, ain't yer?" the driver asked.

"Yes, I am; but who is this man?"

"I'll never tell yer, as we used for to say in old Kentucky; you're too much for me, stranger," Bill answered.

"You see, he's a road-agent," Kennedy added.

"Begorra! they need somebody to be after luckin' to the road. Divil such a mane way I iver see'd afore!" exclaimed the Irishman, in disgust. "I don't know whether I'm inside or out, anyway."

All laughed at the indignation of the Irishman.

"What is the meaning of the term road-agent?" asked the lawyer, who guessed at once that the name had some peculiar signification attached to it.

"Oh, they're a polite set of gents, who stop the overland coaches, an' in order that the poor hosses shan't have too much to draw, they kindly relieve the galoots inside of any gold-dust, silver bricks, or any valuables of that sort, that they may happen to have along with 'em," the driver explained.

"Robbers, in plainer words," Judge Jones said.

"Why the divil don't you fight the rapparees?" questioned Doolin.

"The company pays me for to drive the coach, not for to fight," replied Bill, coolly; "that's extra, and ain't included in the bargain."

"But this Overland Kit?"

"The leader of the most awful, cussed set of road-agents that I ever heered tell on," said Kennedy, the ranch-keeper.

"What is he like?" Renmet asked.

"A good-sized fellow with his face kivered with a black mask, and all on his face that ain't hid by the mask, a big black beard covers. He rides a big brown hoss with four white feet and a blaze in the forehead; thar ain't anything on four legs in the shape of hossflesh in

these parts that kin beat him. He drops onto the coach like a flash, goes through the passengers for all they're worth, and then he's off again, quicker'n a streak of greased lightning!"

"Supper!" howled one of the ranchmen, stopping the story.

All proceeded into the house to attack the eatables, but thoughts of the road-agents were in every mind.

CHAPTER II.

THE SWOOP OF THE HAWK.

The meal was soon dispatched, and the passengers again assembled around the coach.

"Is there any danger of our meeting this Overland Kit between here and Spur City?" Rennet asked, just a little nervous at the thought.

"Not much; never heered tell on the critter the other side of the ranche, hyer. He's got a roost up in the rocks somewhar, 'tween hyer and Jacobville, I s'pect, cos' he always swoop-down, hawk-like, about ten miles from hyer. Maybe you noticed whar the road runs through a big canon?"

"Yes, I did," the lawyer said; "but I should think that the troops stationed in Austen would make quick work of this fellow and his band." Rennet had noticed, as he passed through Austen, that a company of United States cavalry was stationed there.

"They've got to catch him first, you know," Bill said, with a laugh, "an' that ain't easy to do. He seems to smell out a soddier jist as a cat smells out a mice. I've drove the coach over the road twice, filled with soddiers, expectin' that he'd come down on the coach, an' then they'd go for him. But, he never put in an appearance any time. He's a kind of a generous sort av a cuss; he never troubles any miner with his little pile, but allers goes for the express company's plunder. I reckon they've sworn a heap at him. He went through you, Judge, onct, didn't he?"

"Yes," replied the merchant; "two thousand dollars' worth of gold-dust. It has all ways been a puzzle to me how he learned that I had that dust."

"Oh, he's sharp, he is!" chimed in the driver. "I reckon, though, the soddiers will take him into camp one of these days."

"Then, good-by, Sal, come ag'in soon!"

All aboard!

The passengers clambered into the coach. Bill took a long pull at Kennedy's whisky-flask, climbed up to his seat, cracked his whip over the leaders' ears, and the coach rolled on.

The road winding round to the right, following the course of the stream, the ranche was soon lost to sight.

It was a glorious night. The bright beam of the moon made the way almost as light as by day. The swaying pines upon the hillsides, nodding sleepily in the gentle breeze, filled the mountain air with their strange balsamic odor.

The conversation of the three in the coach turned upon the subject of the daring road-agent. Judge Jones gave a brief account of his exploits.

"There are three in the band," said the Judge; "they have only been operating on this road for about a month. The express company has offered a large reward for their capture, but, as yet, they have eluded all attempts to arrest them. It is evident to me that these fellows belong to a regularly organized band, having spies in the principal mining camps, for their information regarding the coaches that carry valuables, and those that do not, is wonderful. They seldom attack a coach unless it has valuable express matter in it. The company are already out about ten thousand dollars, and they are sparing no pains to catch the rogues; but, as the driver said, they seem to scent the presence of the soddiers. It is a wonder that we have not been attacked for we have some express matter that is very valuable."

"Why, I understood that the valuable express matter came from the mines," Rennet said.

"Gold and silver? Exactly; but the valuables we are carrying consist of Government notes for my bank," explained the Judge.

"It's a terrible risk to run," the old lawyer said, nervously.

"Yes, but if these fellows had attacked us, it might have cost them dearly. As usual, though, I suppose they have smelt out the trap," replied the Judge, significantly.

Hardly had he uttered the words, when the coach came to a sudden halt, that almost pitched the passengers out of their seats.

The Judge and the lawyer struck their heads out of the coach windows, one on each side.

The coach had stopped in a narrow defile, partially shaded from the moonlight by the tall pines that grew on the sides of the ravine.

Some twenty paces up the road, just at the further entrance to the ravine, were three horsemen, ranged side by side, motionless as statues.

The flickering moonbeams, that stole through the branches of the pines, played in rays of silvery light upon the polished revolver-barrels which the three horsemen leveled at the coach.

"It's the road-agents!" exclaimed the Judge, withdrawing his head from the coach window as he spoke.

Bernice gave a little scream of fright. Almost at the same instant, the bright flash of ignited gunpowder broke upon the air by the side of the coach, and the sharp crack of a pistol rung out on the still night breeze.

The three in the coach looked at each other in astonishment, for the shot was fired close by them, and the smoke had floated in through the window.

"Hallo! what do you mean by that shot?" cried one of the masked men on horseback, advancing slowly toward the coach. His voice was harsh and commanding.

The full, black beard that came from under his mask, as well as the brown horse he rode, marked with four white feet and a bright blaze in the forehead, told that the speaker was the notorious road-agent, Overland Kit, in person.

"Durned if I know," replied Bill. "I s'pect one of the weapons inside went off at half-cock. 'Twa'n't fired at you, anyway."

"Tell them to throw their weapons out on the road, or I'll put a bullet through you!" cried Overland Kit, sternly.

"Hold on your mule-team, now! don't be in a hurry," answered Bill, his natural coolness never deserting him. Then he bent over and addressed the two in the stage. "Gents, if you don't want to attend a first-class funeral to-morrow, jest throw your weapons out into the road."

"I am not armed," the Judge replied.

"Nor I," said Rennet.

"All co-rect!" exclaimed Bill; then he addressed the highwayman, who had ridden up to the head of the leaders. "The gents inside say they hain't got any weapons."

"They lie!" returned the road-agent, promptly.

"Maybe they do; I'll never tell you," Bill said, calmly.

"Who have you got inside?"

"Judge Jones, of Spur City, and a fat cuss from the East, are the he-males; one lady," replied the driver.

"No. 1!" called the highwayman.

The horseman on the right of the road galloped up.

"Draw a head on the driver; if he offers to stir, put a ball through him."

"S'pose I want to scratch my head?" suggested Bill.

"If you don't keep your mouth shut, you'll catch cold," cried Kit, sharply. "No. 2!"

The other horseman galloped up.

"Ride down the road a dozen paces, and keep a sharp look-out toward Kennedy's. I've an idea that that pistol-shot was fired as a signal. There may be some nice little trap ready to spring upon us."

The horseman obeyed the order and took his station some hundred paces down the road.

Overland Kit rode up to the coach and peered in through the window.

"The slightest attempt at resistance will cost all of you your lives," he said, harshly.

"Judge Jones, good-evening! Glad to see that you're looking so well. I fear I must trouble you to hand out the leather bag full of bank notes that you've got under your seat. I think that I'll open a bank myself in opposition to yours, and I want some notes to start on."

"You have been sadly misinformed, sir," said the Judge, making a great effort to appear calm.

"Oh, no! not much," replied the robber.

"Come, hand over the valuables. I suspect that you and the express company have got some sort of a trap arranged for me. You made altogether too much parade about this note business in Austen. If you hadn't got a trap fixed, you would have tried to smuggle the valuables in, so as to have kept me from knowing which coach they went by. You fired that pistol-shot as a signal."

"I give you my word, I haven't a weapon, sir," exclaimed the Judge.

"Because you've flung it down in the bushes here, somewhere. You can't pull the wool over my eyes." The robber put his head still further into the window. As he did so, he caught sight of the pale face of the girl.

"Bernice Gwynne!" he cried, in great astonishment, while a violent shudder shook his frame.

All within the coach wondered at the knowledge of the road-agent.

Crack! Out on the still air rung the sharp report of a carbine-shot.

"The soldiers, by heaven!" cried the robber, withdrawing his head from the window, and gathering up the reins of his horse.

The man whom Kit had designated as No. 2 came dashing up the road, the blood streaming from a wound in his cheek.

"The soddies, cap!" they've muffled their hosses' feet, I s'pect, for they were on me afore I knew it!" he cried.

"Ride for your life!" Kit exclaimed.

"Judge, I'll settle with you for this, some day!"

Up the road dashed the robbers.

"Leave us a lock of your hair!" yelled Bill, as the two dashed past him.

Around the turn in the road came a dozen cavalrymen in hot haste. As the robber had suspected, the soldiers had wrapped the feet of their horses in blankets, and thus deadened the sound of their tread.

"Go fur 'em!" shouted Bill, in huge delight, as the soldiers, carbine in hand, firing at the road-agents, rode past the coach.

The passengers inside, regardless of the danger, looked eagerly out of the windows, anxious to see the fray.

On went the highwaymen, and close behind came the soldiers.

The pursued and pursuers swept onward through the dark and narrow defile and out into the rolling country beyond.

The fugitives were far better mounted, though, than were the soldiers, whose horses too, were in a measure hampered by the blanket stuff wrapped around their hoofs.

Soon the fugitives were out of range of fire. They reached the summit of a hill; two of them disappeared over the crest, but the third, who was the leader of the band, Overland Kit, slackened the pace of his horse a little on the crest of the hill, turned his head and looked back, as if to laugh in defiance at his pursuers. A moment more, and he, too, disappeared.

When the soldiers reached the summit of the hill, and looked along the road winding down the valley, no traces of the robbers could be seen. They evidently had turned aside from the road and sought safety in some one of the many canons that led into the hills beyond.

CHAPTER III.

THE "HEART-WOMAN."

SPUR CITY! a mining camp nestled by the side of the Reese river, numbering, perhaps, some five hundred souls all told. A city built of canvas and wood, and peopled by as motley a crew as ever the sun shone upon. Men of all nations and of all hues.

Every second house was a drinking or gambling-saloon. Red-shirted, huge-bearded white miners recklessly staked their gold-dust, side by side, with the yellow Chinese and the swarthy son of Africa.

The principal building in the city was a two-story shanty, rudely constructed out of unplanned boards. This was the hotel; the popular resort for all the idlers, when the shades of night put an end to the eager search for mineral wealth.

The hotel was known as the "Eldorado Saloon." The first floor was fitted up as a bar-room; probably to a majority of the inhabitants of Spur City, this part of the stopping-place was decidedly more attractive than any other.

A long bar extended across the end of the room; behind the bar was shelving, displaying bottles, glasses and cigar-boxes. A few common pine tables, with benches, were placed at regular intervals along the sides of the room. The first proprietor of the "Eldorado" had provided chairs—"tip-top Eastern style," as he claimed, but the first "free discussion" that took place in the saloon—it happened on the opening night, between the rival partisans of "Paddy's Flat" and "Gopher Gully"—demolished all the chairs. By the time the "Flat" party had "cleaned out" the denizens of the "Gully," there wasn't a whole chair left!

The next morning, the enterprising New Englander who had opened the "Eldorado" looked over the battle-field in dismay. He cleared away the remains of the chairs, and provided benches.

But, at the very next "discussion" that took place, every bottle and glass in the saloon went to smash.

The hotel-keeper retreated; a "busted man," as he laconically expressed it.

Two or three others essayed to show the Spur Cityites that they understood "how to keep a hotel," but the rampant spirit of the miners was too much for them.

The "Eldorado" went from bad to worse. Then, suddenly, a change came over its fortunes. A new hand took the helm; not a pay of iron, but soft, white fingers.

No longer was the "Eldorado Saloon" selected as the battle-ground of opposing clans. Peace reigned within its walls. Even the rough oaths of the bearded miners were hushed into a low growl. If a stranger, ignorant of the rules that governed the hotel, and thinking that, as long as he paid his money, he had a right to do as he pleased, and make himself as disagreeable as possible, would yell out an offensive imprecation, some stalwart neighbor would take it upon himself to inform the stranger that he must behave better, or be speedily "histed" out.

Few men, after a glance around at the lowering faces, but had sense enough to obey the warning.

And what had wrought this wondrous change in the manners of the patrons of the saloon?—for the frequenters of the "Eldorado" now were the same men who had "busted" the former proprietors.

Look around the saloon! If you are quick at guessing, a glance will tell you.

It is just midnight. The place is full of men drinking and smoking; the inhabitants of Spur City do not retire early.

Every thing within the saloon is neat as wax. The floor is white—and the mud of Spur City can't be excelled—the whitewashed walls show no sign of dirt, except above a certain table, where the pride of Paddy's Flat—Yellow Jim—"lined" Gopher's pet—Dave Reed—in with a knot-hole on the wall, but missed him, owing to Dave's quickness in firing his derringer through his pocket without drawing it, and drilling a hole through Jim's elbow, thereby throwing his shot out of line. The mark of the stray bullet on the wall still remained, a touching remembrance of the old times, when the "Eldorado" was good for no free fight at least, per night. Over the little mirror that is flanked by the bottles on the shelf, a couple of pine branches are tastefully arranged. Fine branches also ornament the whitewashed walls; their dark, cool green a delightful contrast to the glaring white.

On each rude table a tumbler is placed containing a little bunch of wild flowers, encircled by green sprays.

All gives evidence of woman's careful hand.

The secret is out! The magic power that had tamed the unruly miners, and that "run" the Eldorado successfully, was feminine witchery.

Behind the bar, serving her patrons, assisted by a grave-faced Chinaman, was the woman who kept the Eldorado.

A woman! No, only a child; nothing more.

A girl, barely sixteen; slight and fragile in form, with a grave and earnest face; the form of a girl, the face of a woman. Great masses of red-gold hair that gleamed in the candle-light like winding threads of fire, clustered around her temples, and hung in tangled masses down to her shoulders; clear gray eyes, large and full, looked out above the sun-kissed cheeks. The firmly compressed lips—that glowed with the carnation's hue, and were as soft and fresh as the rosebud kissed by the dew of the morning—shut over the little white teeth, and the peculiar lines about the mouth plainly revealed—to one gifted with the art of reading nature in the face—that the girl had a will of her own, and a mind far beyond her years.

Ask one of the bearded miners her name and he will reply, "Jinnie."

"Jinnie what?"

"Why, 'Eldorado Jinnie.'"

Ten to one that he has forgotten her whole name; and yet it is hardly a year since, old Tom Johnson—commonly known as drunken Tom Johnson, to distinguish him from another Tom Johnson, whose Spur City appellation was Big-nosed Smith—had fallen into the river and drowned in a foot of water. He had fallen on his face, wandering to his tent in the darkness, and was too much under the influence of liquor to turn over and make an effort for his life.

The miners made up a little purse for the orphan girl, whom drunken Tom Johnson had always taken good care of in his rough way, and three or four of them held a sort of a council to decide what they had better do for the "little gal," as they termed Jinnie. These few had been cronies of her father.

Jinnie was consulted in regard to the subject; she thanked them for their kindness, but said she had already decided what to do.

All Spur City was astonished when it was announced, a week after Johnson's death, that little Jinnie had leased the Eldorado saloon, and was going to run it as a first-class hotel—first-class for Spur City.

The miners wisely debated where the money had come from, for drunken Tom Johnson never was known to save a cent. But one thing was evident, Jinnie had plenty of money, for she opened the place in good style.

It was a great night for Spur City when Jinnie opened the Eldorado. Everybody attended for ten miles around.

When the crowd surged into the saloon and gazed about them in astonishment at the change that the girlish brains had wrought, one of the foremost of the rough crowd was Dick Talbot—"Gentleman Dick," as he was called by some; "Injun Dick," as he was called by others. The first name given, because he wore "store-clothes," a white shirt, always clean—he was the only man in Spur City who could boast such a luxury—polished boots and kid gloves. The second, because he was as cool as a bank of snow melting under the shadows of the pines in a mountain canon, wily as a panther, cunning as a fox, a man who knew not what fear was, who never turned his back on a foe, or hesitated to back a friend in a fair fight; quick as lightning on the trigger, spry as a cat with a bowie knife; the best two-handed sparrer that ever set foot in the Reese river valley, and the finest poker-player that ever handled a deck of cards.

Therefore, a popular man in Spur City was "Injun Dick."

A brief speech he made to the crowd. He told of the orphan girl, left alone and trying to make an honest living—that Spur City needed a hotel, and she could keep it—that the first man that kicked up a row in the Eldorado would have to meet him and would get wiped out, if he was able to do it. The remarks were brief and quite to the point; no bluster or bravado, but delivered with a coolness that was far more impressive than heat.

The Eldorado became a "fixed fact." Of course at first there had been some little trouble; some few skirmishes; but Injun Dick first run the offending parties out of the saloon, and then administered a scientific thrashing. The parties who received the aforesaid never needed a second warning.

So at the time of which we write, the Eldorado had run a year as a saloon, restaurant and hotel, under the supervision of Jinnie, assisted by the grave and quiet Chinese, Ah

Ling, who attended to the cooking department.

The Eldorado was only waiting for the coach to come in to close up for the night.

Just as the clock, that was ticking on the bar, struck twelve, a man, who was dressed so differently from the other patrons of the room that he looked like the inhabitant of another land, entered the saloon.

A single look at the muscular, well-knit figure, that just reached the medium height; the springy step that told of the wondrous power that dwelt within the muscles of the leg; the firm, well-shaped head, with its close-cut black hair, its pale features, dark-blue eyes, drooping mustache and little pointed beard, that, German fashion, adorned the chin alone, the rest of the face being smoothly shaven, told that the new-comer was "Injun Dick."

Talbot seated himself at the table nearest to the bar, which happened to be unoccupied.

"Make me a hot whiskey, Jinnie," he said, a peculiar look upon his pale features.

While the girl was preparing the drink, she watched his face narrowly. She saw that something was the matter with the coolest head that had ever set on man's shoulder.

Jinnie brought the steaming liquid, and placing it before Talbot, sat down upon the other side of the table.

Injun Dick drained the glass at a draught.

"Make me another one, you heathen!" he said, addressing the Chinese.

"Me do—allee same," replied Ah Ling, grinning in a friendly manner at Talbot. He had a high respect for Dick, who had once saved him from being ducked in the Reese by a party of rough miners.

"What's the matter, Dick?" the girl asked, anxiously; "you very seldom drink anything."

"Jinnie, old times are coming back to me. I don't drink whiskey generally, because my business needs a cool head and a clear head; drink interferes with both. But, just now I want to forget if I can. I'm out of sorts to-night."

"What is it?"

"I can't tell you! I don't know myself! But, Jinnie, I feel as if something was going to happen to me. I've been up to Gopher Gully having a little game of poker, and, would you believe it, Jinnie, every hand I've had to-night I've held the queen of hearts—a heart-woman—as the fortune-tellers say."

"And what does that mean?"

"Why, that a heart-woman is going to cross my track; and almost every time, Jinnie, the ace of spades has been the next card to it. That means bad luck—death, perhaps. I ain't generally superstitious, but, something's made me awful nervous to-night."

"A heart-woman?" said Jinnie, thoughtfully; "what is a heart-woman like, Dick?"

"Why, a woman about the same style as yourself; blue eyes and brownish hair."

"It's strange that you should be nervous, Dick," the girl said, with a sidelong glance into his face.

"We all have our dull moments sometimes, my girl," he replied, a sad expression in his tone.

The Chinaman brought the liquor and placed it on the table.

"Muche like—good heapee," he said, grinning, and then returned to his former position.

"I hope, Dick, that if any danger threatens you, it will come openly," Jinnie said, thoughtfully.

"Why so?" Talbot asked, in surprise.

"So that I can help you meet it, and so pay off a little debt I owe you," she said, low and earnestly.

"You owe me?" he exclaimed, in surprise.

"Yes. Oh! you mustn't think that I forget!"

"You must think that I have got a bad memory," he said, quickly. "Do you think that I've forgotten when the Reese was coming down like a hungry panther, and a helpless man was struggling in the icy waters, how somebody dashed into it, spite of the junks of ice and tree-trunks, and risked her life to save mine? When I forget that, Jinnie, just conclude that Injun Dick has passed in his checks, and will 'chip in' again nary a time."

A warm blush overspread the features of the girl's face as he spoke. A sweet feeling of joy filled all her young heart.

No, Jinnie, I never yet forgot a friend or a foe. I've always tried to pay my debts. But, it's strange, this queer feeling that has come over me. I believe in luck, and a little in presentiments; and, just now, I feel shaky about what's ahead."

He raised the glass to his lips; just then the door opened, and Ginger Bill conducted Mr. Rennet and Bernice into the saloon.

A convulsive gasp came from Talbot's lips, and the glass dropped from his nerveless hand to the floor, where it was shattered into a dozen pieces.

"The heart-woman!" he murmured, as he caught sight of Bernice's face.

(To be continued.)

False Faces:
OR,
THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME.
A MYSTERY OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

BY GEO. L. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "A LIVING LIE," "ENRAGED TO DEATH," "BERNIE GLYDE," "ELMA'S CAPTIVITY," "STELLA A STAR."

CHAPTER XXIII.
AT MIDNIGHT.

THE surprise they all experienced in being approached and addressed in this unceremonious manner was dissipated upon discovering that this personage was the young detective, Frank Ray.

"Ah! you didn't know me," he continued, when he had revealed himself to them.

"Pretty good get up this for the occasion! not, perhaps, that I needed any, but I always make it a point never to work up a case in my own proper person. When I go out for an airing, I don't want these rascals to point me out and whisper: 'There goes a detective! I don't care for any such notoriety.'"

"I suppose not," answered Chester Starke. "Now, what success have you met with?"

During this conversation they walked along Broome street.

"The very best," replied Ray.

"That's good," exclaimed Peter Shaw, heartily.

"Oh, I couldn't very well go amiss with the information you furnished me, sir," responded Ray, in his modest manner. "I've spotted the house, and have seen a dozen, at least, of the rascals enter it to-night."

"So many?" cried Ossian; and there was a perceptible tremor in his voice.

"Yes, just about twelve, I should say," replied the detective, carelessly; "but that's nothing. We four could go in and capture the lot of them, if you say so."

"There's no hurry, and I don't care about taking an unnecessary risk in the matter," answered Peter Shaw, to Ossian's great satisfaction.

"I think you are right in their numbers, for there appeared to be full a dozen of them when I was in their power. But they are desperate men and would be likely to make a desperate resistance."

"Rats will fight when they're cornered," observed Ossian, dryly.

The detective stared in the gaunt, sharp-featured face with some surprise, for this was his first encounter with the grim superintendent of the Bartyne oil wells.

"That's so," he responded; "and fight like the deuce, too. But some men are more cowardly than rats, and, I have an idea, if we were to pull these fellows suddenly they'd all cry peccavi! We can't do anything to-night, though; I had forgotten that. You'll have to swear a complaint against them—at least attempt to murder—and get a warrant before we can take them."

These words were addressed to Peter Shaw, who replied:

"Yes, I know. My only intention to-night was to make sure of the house in which they hold their nightly meetings; and if you have found it—"

"Oh, I've spotted it, beyond a doubt, I'll show it to you."

"They turned into Chrystie street."

the safe of the bank resisted the burglars, and in their efforts to force it they raised an alarm. This caused them to fly. They stole a horse and wagon from the stable of the village tavern, to aid their flight. A week afterward the horse was found hatched in the woods near Walcottville, almost starved to death; but it was impossible to determine in what direction the robbers had gone.

A bold exploit, but not productive of profit to the perpetrators.

"I might recount a dozen daring attempts of the same nature, though differing in their results; for in some of them they reaped a rich bounty, but it is not necessary, nor do I think you would be entertained by the recitals. If this should prove to be the same game, and the very nature of their exploits would indicate that some such men as this Skelmersdale and the lawyer are at the head of the organization, it would be a feather in my cap to effect their capture."

"Then you shall have that feather. I see you think that they have met to-night to arrange some country expedition?"

"That is my idea exactly."

"And they may not meet in their rendezvous to-morrow night?"

"They might not; and yet they might."

"Let us trust to the night. We can arrange every thing for their capture. If they are there to-morrow night we'll take them, if they are not we'll wait until they are. We shall know whether they are in the house or not before we enter it."

"Of course. Your idea is a very good one, sir. Let's leave it so decided."

They had reached Second avenue during this conversation, and Ray turned here and led the way to the Bowers.

"Shall we go back to the house?" he asked.

"You and I will, as I have got a room close by there," answered Shaw; "but we need not keep Ossian and Chester out of their beds any longer. They can take a car here and go home. I should like to see what time they will leave the house; not much before twelve, I fancy."

"I should say not."

"There comes a car, Chester, hail it."

"I'm in no hurry to get home, sir."

"Nor I," added Ossian.

"And if you think you should require our aid—"

"I know I shall not. I'll come to the office the first thing after breakfast."

Peter Shaw signalled the car and it stopped.

"There get aboard, and good-night."

Chester and Ossian stepped upon the rear platform of the car, and it proceeded on its way up the avenue.

Peter Shaw and Frank Ray walked down the Bowers to Delancey street and turned into it proceeding to Chrystie, and passing the tenement block of houses.

The secret order of False Faces was their topic of conversation as they walked along at an easy pace.

Peter Shaw gave the detective a full account of his experience in the council-chamber, and his narrow escape from death. He was inclined to be very communicative with this young man. It may be that Ossian's assertion, that he could trust him, had something to do with this, but there was that in the speech and manner of the young detective that inspired confidence.

Peter Shaw had conceived quite a liking for him.

They had walked back and forth down the street, going down on one side and coming up on the other, and watching the door that led to Doctor Watervliet's office until the clock struck twelve.

After this hour the passers-by began to diminish, and soon their footfalls alone awoke the echoes of the street. But a light still gleamed from Doctor Watervliet's office.

The street was now entirely deserted. A policeman came through one of the cross streets, paused on the corner above them and struck his club against the curbstone, giving the signal of "All's well." Then he passed on his beat.

But, was all well?

Peter Shaw and Frank Ray thought so, and yet none of the False Faces had come forth.

The clock struck one. The light in Doctor Watervliet's office was extinguished.

"They are coming," said Ray; he and Shaw being opposite the house on the other side of the street when the lamp went out. "Let us go up to the corner, cross over, and meet them as they come out. They may drop some chance words that will give us an inkling of what they are about."

"A good idea."

As the members of the order came from the door they divided in couples, some going one way and some another.

Edgar Skelmersdale and Cebra Selkreg went up the street, meeting Peter Shaw and Frank Ray coming down. They paid no attention to them, however, thinking them two belated laborers going home.

"Didn't I tell you I could do it?" they heard Cebra Selkreg say.

"Yes; and it was neatly done. I think the game is in our hands now."

They passed on. Peter Shaw paused before a door, for this had happened at the portal of the house in which he had taken up his temporary residence.

"They are up to something, sir, as I told you," said Frank Ray.

Peter Shaw was thoughtful.

"Yes, yes, evidently," he answered.

"What game does he mean? It would be strange if Ossian's presentiment of evil should be verified. He is very shrewd. Somehow I can but think the game has something to do with me and mine. It was Edgar Skelmersdale. That man has been a blight on my life."

"And his companion was the villainous lawyer?"

"I suppose so—I do not know—I never saw this lawyer—that is not to know him. He must be the one called Nightshade, who had the deed that they wished me to sign," he added, musingly.

"Is this where you have taken up your quarters?"

"Yes; it is only five doors from the doctor's, you see."

Frank Ray laughed, saying:

"Quite handy! I suppose you feel like turning in now?"

"Yes; meet me at my office at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, or rather to-day, for the new day has begun."

"All right; I will be there. Good-night!"

"Good-night!"

Frank Ray walked quickly up the street, and turned the corner. Peter Shaw stood in the doorway listening to the sound of his retreating footsteps.

The policeman returned upon his beat, paused again at the corner, and again struck the signal, "All's well."

Peter Shaw accepted it as a good omen.

"All's well," he echoed; "then let me go to bed and sleep."

He entered the house and ascended the stairs, groping his way up in the darkness by the aid of the banisters.

Before the door of the girls' room he paused and listened. All was still within.

"Sound asleep long ago," he murmured. "All's well!"

He felt the way along the hall to his own door, unlocked it, and entered.

He struck a light, and then went to the door that led into the adjoining apartment and listened.

He heard the loud breathing of one in a sound sleeper.

"All's well!" he said again, disrobed himself, blew out his lamp, and got into bed.

He was soon asleep, fatigued by the unusual exercise he had taken that night.

But he would not have slept so soundly if he had known what had taken place within the girls' room while he was absent.

The False Faces had met for action that night, but it was not a bank robbery that they meditated. They had been called together to aid Cebra Selkreg in his project of placing the girl known as Henrietta Ward in the power of Edgar Skelmersdale.

The little lawyer's plan was made known, and approved by the chief.

Six of the order were selected for its accomplishment: the chief, Nightshade, Henbane, Aconite, Creosote and Arsenic.

It was a device of the little lawyer's to give each member of the band, except the chief, the name of some poison or noxious drug, and by these names each member was invariably called in the council-chamber. This every member sunk his own individual identity in the order.

It is sufficient for our purpose to know that Nightshade represented Cebra Selkreg and Henbane Doctor Heinrich Watervliet.

The doctor was a skillful physician, and a man of much learning and research, but of dissolute habits, and indolent. He had drifted easily and naturally into crime. His knowledge of medicine and surgery made him an invaluable member of the order, as their encounters with the police often resulted in dangerous wounds.

In his cabinet of curiosities the doctor kept the revolver-bullets that he had extracted from the limbs and bodies of his confederates.

In the present undertaking the doctor provided himself with a bottle of chloroform and a sponge. He had often used this volatile essence upon their nocturnal expeditions.

The rest armed themselves with knife and revolver, as was customary, though resistance was scarcely looked for in this instance; and each wore the false face and the long black cloak that gave such a phantom-like appearance to the figure.

Thus equipped, they ascended to the roof by the skylight.

Silently they glided along, one by one, headed by the little lawyer.

The stars twinkled down upon them, giving these dark, shapeless figures a ghostly look—only they were somber specters, and not robed in the traditional white.

Nightshade—the little lawyer had chosen a good name for himself—glided along until he reached the roof of the house in which the girls lived.

The scuffle was raised and thrown back, but as noiselessly as possible, and one by one five descended through it. The sixth was left as a sentinel on the roof.

The city bells tolled the midnight hour as they descended through the scuffle.

"It is the hour when spirits wander," remarked Cebra Selkreg, jocosely, as he heard the bells.

He produced a dark-lantern from beneath his cloak, and pushed back the slide. Aconite did the same. Two streams of light were thrown before them, showing the halls and stairs. They proceeded with the utmost caution.

On the fourth floor Creosote was left as a sentinel. If any of the tenants there should look from their doors, he was to scare them into silence by the exhibition of his revolver.

Aconite was left on the third floor for a similar purpose.

Only Cebra Selkreg, the doctor and Edgar Skelmersdale went to the door of the girls' apartment. Cebra picked the lock with a skill that showed experience and practice in the burglar's art.

They entered the room. The doctor saturated the sponge with the chloroform. The door of the bedchamber was open.

One gleam from the lantern that Cebra Selkreg carried showed two heads, one with the black, the other with golden hair, reposing upon the pillow.

"Sound asleep—now, doctor," whispered Selkreg.

The doctor crept noiselessly into the bedchamber, and held the sponge to the nostrils of the sleeping girls.

"All right!" he said. "There's no danger of either of them awaking now."

Selkreg turned the blaze of the lantern full upon the bed.

"There she is, and she's a beauty!" he cried. "Can you carry her alone?"

"Oh, yes," answered Edgar. "Get her clothes, doctor."

He wrapped the unconscious form of Etta in the counterpane, and raised her in his arms.

"Hold the light, Cebra," he said, "so I can find the way to the stairs."

"He, he, he!" chuckled Cebra; "if they ever guess which way she went, you can take my head for a football! Wait a moment; let me lock the door again after us. That's the ticket! Gently; don't wake up any of these snorers."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 252.)

Injun Dick:

OR,

THE DEATH SHOT OF SHASTA.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND KIT," "KENTUCK, THE SPORT," "ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOB," "WOLF DEMON," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE VENDETTA'S LAST ACT.

In the cave of the Clear-grit lode sat a gloomy party.

At the head of the little table was the usually cool and quiet Mr. Brown, but now his face exhibited strong traces of nervous restlessness.

Close by Brown's right hand sat the bummer Bowers; his face solemn and woebegone. At the foot of the table sat Yuba and Shannon.

Bowers had just finished his relation of the death of the Mexican, Valeride. He was careful, however, to omit all reference to his short interview with the terrible Cherokee. He simply said that he was prospecting up the road and had sat down in the shade to rest and so happened to witness the encounter without the knowledge of either one of the parties.

A dead silence fell upon the little party when Bowers finished his recital, and as the Clear-

grit Sharp looked around upon his army, he fully realized that it would be a difficult job to induce any of them to undertake the task, the mere attempt to accomplish which had already cost two lives.

"Well," Brown observed at last, finding that no one seemed inclined to speak, "I suppose we must draw lots again to see who will try this job next."

"If it's all the same to you, cap'n, I'll sell out," Bowers remarked. "I don't really hanker after the thing at all. Money ain't no object to me just now. I'll resign in favor of my esteemed friend Iyer, Yuba—than whom, a better judge of licker never histed in benzine."

"I reckon that I don't want none of it," Yuba growled.

"Bad cess to the likes of me if I try it," muttered Shannon.

The Clear-grit Sharp fully showed the annoyance that he felt.

"You all take water, eh?" he remarked, sarcastically.

"I crawfish, ole man," Mr. Bowers admitted, with dignity.

"And both of you back out!" Brown demanded, addressing the two at the lower end of the table.

"Wa-al, I reckon that 'tain't much use to mince the matter," Yuba admitted. "I reckon on that it ain't lucky for to run ag'in this long haired cuss."

"That's so, bedad!" Shannon chimed in.

"Then none of you want the job?"

"No sugar in mine," and Bowers smiled queerly.

"I don't take no stock in it," Yuba decided.

"It's not a coffin that I'm after just now, do ye mind?" the Irishman exclaimed.

Brown relapsed into a deep study, drumming idly with his fingers on the table. Shannon and Yuba gazed upward at the dark roof while Bowers contemplated the tallow candle that burned upon the table. Night had just set in when the plotters came together.

"I have an idee!" cried Bowers, suddenly.

Brown looked up as though he was impatient at the interruption to his thoughts, but the bummer never heeded the angry look upon the face of the Clear-grit Sharp.

"I have a first class idee—reg'lar first chop," Bowers continued. "Two of our crowd have bin wiped out by this long-bearded galoot an' as the rest on us know it, naturally, we didn't care to tackle him, seeing as how we are not quite ready to pass in our checks yet. Now, s'pose we enlist some more fallers, and set 'em at this yer Cherokee? It looks like a big stake for a liddle job an' I reckon we kin rope some one in."

Brown perceived at once that the bummer had hit upon an excellent idea, and he signified his approval immediately.

"Bully!" cried Yuba. "I know two, or three that'll be apt to go for it."

"Better start out and secure them at once," Brown suggested. "Two will be enough for the present. If they get wiped out, then we can get two more."

Yuba at once rose to depart, and both Bowers and Shannon volunteered to accompany him.

The Clear-grit Sharp cautioned the gentle William to be careful to get good men and the three departed, leaving Brown to his own meditation.

Not over and above pleasant did the wily Clear-grit Sharp feel as he reflected how fruitless had been his scheme so far to accomplish the death of the man he hated.

Drumming carelessly with his fingers upon the table, the mind of the plotter went back to former scenes of strife, and while engaged in reflections not over and above agreeable, the sound of a footstep near the door of the cave startled him.

Quick as the tiger, whom in his nature he resembled, Brown drew his revolver, and sprang back the hammer.

Not a second too quick was the action, for the next moment the terrible White Rider, the Death Shot of Shasta, stood within the cave, grimly confronting the astonished Mr. Brown.

"Are you prepared to die?" cried the masked man, in a hoarse voice.

"Well I reckon that you had better answer that question," Brown replied, "seeing that I've only to pull the trigger to send you to the infernal regions."

"Your weapon is harmless, Andrew Jackson Hardin," the White Rider said, in his hoarse tones.

The Clear-grit Sharp started just a bit; he had not believed it possible that any one could recognize him.

"The bullet of Richard Talbot did not kill you outright, I see, although it did disgrace your face. But now your hour has come. You shall die this time, and the Cinnabar massacre will be avenged."

"And you, Dick Talbot, Cherokee, or Shasta Death Shot, whatever you call yourself, you did nearly confound me, though," "Kentuck" cried, boldly. "We both live, and now, face to face, we'll settle the ownership of the Cinnabar mine. But one of us will ever leave this place alive!"

With a single movement the masked man removed the white hood from his head, revealing the face of Cherokee.

As our readers have probably guessed Injun Dick Talbot and Cherokee were one and the same!

Face to face the deadly enemies stood. The advantage apparently was with Kentuck for he held his revolver leveled full at Talbot's breast, while on the contrary, Dick's hands were level with his waist.

"Now that your time has come, let me tell you that I had resolved to hunt you down," Kentuck said, fiercely. "I knew that you were living, and I knew that you would come to this valley; and the moment I heard of the Shasta Death Shot I knew that it was you, trying to frighten men away from the Cinnabar mine."

"Do you remember Harrodsburg, Kentucky?" asked Talbot, slowly; "do you remember the poor girl that you married there, and then deserted, after nearly killing her with your cruelty? She died at last, and with her dying breath she called down heaven's vengeance upon your guilty head. That girl had a brother, a worthless, drunken wretch. He swore to kill you, but lacked the courage to strike the blow, although he tracked you clean from Kentucky to the Pacific slope. But, if he could not play the lion, he could the mouse. Your weapon is harmless; you are delivered into my hands."

"Joe Bowers!" cried Kentuck, half-aghast, as he snatched the revolver. The cap exploded but the bullets of the cartridges had been removed!

With a wild yell, Kentuck turned as if to flee, but even as he turned the death shot came.

Down went the scared man struggling with death's agonies. Only a few moments of pain, and then the gambler's soul fled to meet its Judge.

Injun Dick Talbot had won the Cinnabar lode after all.

CHAPTER L.

ASHES TO ASHES.

Talbot bent down to examine if life was extinct in the form of the prostrate man, and hardly had he satisfied himself of the fact, when a warning cry from the lips of the Indian, whom he had left on guard with the horses without, told him that danger was nigh.

Hastily replacing the white hood over his head, Talbot rushed forth.

"I'll give them one last fright!" he cried, "and then the Death Shot of Shasta will be seen no more."

A party of drunken miners had perceived the Indian in charge of the two horses, and had resolved to appropriate them.

Like a whirlwind the White Rider dashed through the throng, scattering them to the right and left.

But as he sprang upon his horse—the milk-white steed—the sorrel patches were rudely painted over so as to disguise the animal, and make it appear like a pure, white horse—three or four of the men recognized the well-known arb.

"The Death Shot!" they cried, and then they immediately drew their weapons, and began to blaze away at the now fast-flying fugitives.

The horsemen might have laughed at the impotent discharges, had not the sound of the firearms aroused the whole of the town, and caused the inhabitants to rush out into the street.

Urging their horses to their utmost speed, the two dashed rapidly through the city.

The darkness favored the desperate attempt, and the fugitives reached the outskirts of the town, without being even scratched, although a hundred balls had whizzed by them.

"A hundred yards more and we are safe!" Talbot muttered, between his firm-set teeth, not hardly had the words passed from his lips, when a well-directed ball struck one of the hind legs of his horse, and pretty effectually crippled him.

Talbot felt the brute sink under him, and realizing what the trouble was, threw himself from the horse's back, and with another agile spring mounted behind the Indian, who had checked his horse at seeing Talbot's steed stumble.

The delay was a fatal one though, short as it was, for a fresh shower of bullets came whistling around the heads of the two, and the exclamation of pain that came from Talbot's lips told that he was hurt.

The danger was over now too, for the fugitives soon gained the shelter of the thicket just beyond the town, turning from the main road into a little narrow path leading up to the rocky range.

The miners had given up the chase at the border of the town, and had returned to tell of the wonderful affair.

A half mile up on the mountain side was a narrow cave; it was the hiding place of the mysterious Death Shot. There he kept his disguises, and the paint, wherewith he changed the appearance of his horse. A sorry looking brute the mottled steed had been when ambling around the town, but when on the road, put upon his mettle, urged to his topmost speed, he seemed like another beast, so changed in his become in appearance.

Talbot's arms were clasped tightly around the waist of the Indian, and every now and then a hollow moan of pain would escape from his lips, despite his iron-like nature.

At the cave the chief dismounted, and gently as a mother with her child, placed Talbot upon the pine-wood bed within the cave.

Kindling a fire in the side of the cavern where a ravine in the rock formed a natural fire-place, the Blackfoot proceeded to examine the wound that Talbot had received.

Dark and gloomy was the look that came over the face of the Indian as he bared the brawny breast of Injun Dick, and looked upon the blood-stained mark of man's hostile hand.

"How feel?" asked the savage, slowly, pressing gently with his fingers the purple flesh near the wound.

"Like a man that is not long for this world," Talbot replied, feebly.

"My brother is right—the pale faces have struck him hard," and the stern old Indian bowed his head in sorrow.

Talbot became weaker and weaker; he could perceive that life was fleeting fast.

"The last time," he muttered; "that's so. I don't complain—blood will have blood; maybe it is better for this girl that she is spared from me; I might only drag her down to death like all the rest that have loved me. My love is fatal to woman."

Then, for quite a time, Talbot remained silent, each breath costing him more and more exertion.

The Indian bent over him with a stolid face, more like a great bronzed statue than a human.

With a desperate effort, Talbot rallied his feeble strength.

"Old friend," he said, faintly, gazing up into the face of the chief; "under this bed you will find some bags of gold-dust; take what you like for yourself, and the rest, carry to the girl in the wing-dam shanty. Tell her I died, and ask her, as she loved me, to leave these scenes of lawlessness and return to her Eastern home."

"Mud-turtle take no dust—give all to squaw—if she stay here, fight for her, maybe."

"One last service, then, for you to do," Talbot murmured, faintly, feeling that the end was near. "When I am dead, carry me to the top of Mount Shasta. At midnight kindle a fire, and in it place my body; ashes to ashes, and dust to dust at once. There, to the flames, I gave my dark-eyed Yuet-ai! Oh! how many noble women have died for me!—Jimmie—John Rimee—oh, father!"

And then, with a hollow moan, the soul of the stricken man fled from its earthly tenement.

Soft and low, from the lips of the Indian, came the death-chant of his tribe, and he covered his head with his blanket, and humbled himself to the ground beside the body of the man whom he had loved with all a woman's fondness.

Old Ugly waited long that night at the Occidental Hotel, but the long-bearded Cherokee came not, and at last, at midnight, when the urbane bar-keeper, Billy King, turned him out of the saloon, the old man went home, in a terrible rage.

The first thing in the morning, Ugly started to town again, determined to find Cherokee.

Shortly after her father departed, Elinore was surprised by an Indian stalking gravely into the shanty.

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OLL COOMES' NEW STORY!

We shall, in Number 266 of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, begin the splendid story,

RED ROB,

THE BOY ROAD-AGENT.

BY OLL COOMES.

In which this admirable writer deals with a line of incidents and character of a decidedly original nature.

A road-agent, and yet not a great rogue—a boy in years but a man in acts and judgment—a dread and a blessing—a bandit and a gentleman, Red Rob is a hero not all fiction, who will make a sensation in popular literature.

The Arm-Chair.

HARPER'S *Easy Chair* for March, advert to the case of Mr. Tibbins, whose dislike of dogs impelled him never to enter the house of a man who kept canines, and gave them the range of house and grounds.

Tibbins is by no means an exceptional man. To enter a gate, and have a mastiff confront you with a growl or snarl—to pass a threshold and have a black and tan yelping at your heels—is delightful only to those who regard a dog with more affection than they can bestow upon a quarrelsome man or a crying baby. To the great mass of people a strange dog is a source of fear, and the house or yard which the dogs infest, is only entered with dread.

One thing certainly is incumbent on all owners of canines—to permit no friend or caller to be frightened or annoyed by the brutes. To subject a visitor to fright or alarm is a reception which the visitor will very justly resent; and if that annoyance is the ordeal to which all must submit who enter at gate or door, the dog owner can blame no person for refusing to accept his hospitalities.

A dog may be "man's best friend," but he equally is a stranger's greatest annoyance and a woman's greatest dread. Hence it behooves the dog owner either to retain animals that are utterly inoffensive, or to keep them wholly out of sight, if he would not lose the consideration of his friends and calling acquaintances. For ourselves we never enter a premises where a dog is likely to assail us, even though he only barks or growls his dissent at our approach; and when assailed on the street by a dog of any value whatever, we shoot it at once.

Sunshine Papers.

Dream-day Dreamings.

ONE cannot keep the windows closed upon a dream-day. Surely, though perhaps almost unconsciously, the sash will be shoved up, and with arms crossed upon the casement you breathe in sympathy with the day. The day—a dream-day—such a one as comes but seldom in the list of the tireless, recurring three hundred and sixty-five, but coming fills the soul with passionate wishfulness, vague longings, glad enjoyment and sickening pain.

The sunshine suffuses all things with a warm, red glow; the walks are great uneven patches of dryness and moisture; the kindly earth, with its upturned, brown, homely face is glorified with smiling; the fickle skies bend lovingly and tender above their terrestrial charges with the look of a gentle maiden; all about among the brown trees—tossing their bare arms heavenward in supplication for verdure—the little quiet-hued birds flutter, and hop, and swing, trilling out pretty, tuneful snatches of song, and chattering in wild, exultant gladness.

You see the mottled walks, the sunshine floating in broad waves here and dripping red-gold drops down there, the darting to and fro of the birds, the silvery-azure skies—a delicate aureole mist lying low along the horizon—and feel the pulsing of the soft, aromatic air against your face, and yet are all unconscious of the passers-by. Your senses are keenly awake to only those sights and sounds that make this a dream-day—a day misty, sunshiny, balmy, melting, and softly murmurous with trills of glad life. You long for a lengthy stroll and loneliness; or, better, that perfect companionship that admits of silence. If not in body, at least in mind, you wander far away—

Far away! Oh, so far from the present with its cares, its anxieties, its regrets, its haunting memories of mistakes, and follies, and sins, and failures! Oh, powerful floating, balmy air, on! on! bear us to those other days when life lay an enchanted vision before us. Bring again those fair hours when dreams seemed only embryonic realities; when perfection of physical and mental culture seemed so easy of attainment and so surely in store for us; when sore temptations were unknown, and we were blissfully blind to the amount of strength, endurance, perseverance and courage required to live an earnest, noble, upright life.

Ah! we may go back to those days, often, indeed, we remember them wearily, but never, never to re-live them! As we have reared the structure of our life so must it remain; changeless its dwarfed or deformed proportions, indelible the marks it bears of mistakes and weaknesses!

Oh! what comes crushing anguish the knowledge comes to us—us, even, whose crown of years has not lost the gleam of youth—that the past is irredeemable! How hopelessly, sometimes, we think of the future; for with the record of the past before us dare we again indulge in dreams? Dare we hope to accomplish aught of good? Is it worth the trying when we have only the remnant of a life to weave, and, be it ever so truly now, so much of it will always show so worthless! Do we not grow wholly

discouraged, and while away time in vain regrets, when we think of the glorious possibility we held in our tiny child-fingers, and that we have let the years slip by without working it out into a grand reality, and that now the opportunity for perfecting a life is gone forever.

Forever! Did the red-gold sunshine drop into the heart with a song of words? Did the misty clouds dissolve into symbols appalling to the eye? Did the chatter of the birds become syllabic? Did the balmy winds whisper something? Or was it an angel, saying:

"No, not forever!"

There are little lives, tiny mortals, sweet baby pets around us all, holding in their weak pink hands the same materials wherewith to rear a fair and perfect structure that we once held in ours. May we not help to shape their lives into the comeliness our own lacks! When their little feet would stray, we with gentleness, born of sad experience, can show them the better paths. We have outgrown the "dark ages" of medical science, and can train them into splendid physical development. We can black-ball all that was worthless, inferior, hurtful, in our literary development, and feed their minds upon pure, ennobling, good-inciting literature. We can make their education perfect in all wherein our own lacked. We can make their existence a dream of happiness with virtue the basis of all good.

No one who has childhood within the circle of their influence—teachers, parents, brothers, sisters—need despair because their own life-page is blurred and blotted. Cease to think of the past, save as an aid to the beautiful work that lies within reach of your hand. Remember that life at best is short, too short for you to put misery in it, and try to make these little lives very glad. Help them to be strong, to be practical, to be earnest, to be ambitious. Teach them the zest of work, that

"God gives no value unto men
Unmatured by need of labor;"

and that there is some duty for every soul to perform.

And you, dear girls, to whom these dream-days bring dissatisfactory memories, mingled with visions of a future that holds a lover—a husband—a home—little sons and daughters—thank God that even your mistakes can help to perfect the little lives; that you can help to make them beautiful, happy, and what yours "might have been."

The perfecting of lives is a possibility always with us, so back from retrospection of our failures, to the grand work of creating realities from our own unrealized ideals!

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

UNNECESSARY WORRIMENTS.

DID you ever think how unnecessarily people worry over strange things? I have known many a one to be so troubled in their mind about a particular subject as to cause them a lifetime of uneasiness. It would seem as though the fate of the world depended on the solution of the question. They want to know who was Cain's wife? This conundrum worries them by day and deprives them of their rest at night. They write to editors about it, they buttonhole their ministers to propound the all-important question, and when the mystery still remains unsolved, they consider that the world isn't as wise as it should be, or the clergy do not understand the Bible as they should do.

It has always seemed to me that, if it was highly important for us to be enlightened on that subject, the Good Book would not have left us in the dark. And it also seems to me that one may get to heaven as soon if he or she dies in ignorance concerning the matter as if the whole affair were not such a mystery. I am well aware that some over "goody" folks will censure me and tell me I don't love the Bible as I ought. They are very much mistaken indeed in their conjectures. Still, I think there are a great many things in its teachings that we can follow without worrying ourselves into a fever as to what is left to our imagination.

I am not endeavoring to preach a sermon, my good friends, but merely striving to comment on "Unnecessary Worriments."

We fancy—and it is only a fancy after all—that friends are false to us, that they have ceased to love us and care no more for us, so when we meet them, we pass them by coldly, never stopping to question whether we are not as much, if not more, to blame than they.

We worry over a seeming neglect and call the world cold, callous and heartless, while we are some of those who are endeavoring all in their power to make it so. A kindly word, a pleasant tone or a loving deed might bring back to us the most estranged friend. We break the chain of love and expect it can be mended by worrying over it. It cannot be done, and it is foolish to think it can. Let us forgive the little slights, the petty scandal spoken about us; let us remember others are as mortal as ourselves—that faults may be on both sides, and let us cease to worry over trifles.

There are a great many writers for the press who worry for fear their ideas may give out and they be left with nothing to say, and thus lose their engagements. Some keep on with this worry until they find themselves in the condition they so much dreaded, while others throw aside their foolish fears and go to work bravely and confidently.

Your go-ahead workers are none of your whining worriers; they have neither the time nor patience to worry; it is stock they will not invest in, for they know it is like building a house on a sandbank. They feel assured it will not "pay." And they are perfectly right, for it will not. If the word of a Lawless is not to be depended upon, ask some one who has had experience that way.

Grandma Lawless considers it wicked to worry over our lot in life. I have just been reading over my writing to her, and she says: "Eve, my good girl, I haven't worried over Cain's wife, still I hope he got a good woman and one who made him a better man than he was before. Now couldn't you say something about folks worrying when company comes, for fear the bread won't be done enough, or the cake won't turn out all right, or the tea will be steeped too much? You can just tell them that their worry won't make things any better, and it may sour your disposition and that of your company." It seems sort of homely and commonplace advice, but it is good, and "good advice is never out of place," you know, or you ought to know.

There are too many cases of *real* suffering all about us for us to fret over trifles. Here is a man who refuses to be comforted and rails at Providence, the world and mankind in general, because he has lost a few dollars in some unlucky speculation. And here is another who is putting his loved wife among the other members of the city of the dead. His grief is great, but he says, "The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord. Thy will, not mine, be done."

Which is the more Christianlike and which most deserves our sympathy? Let us take our trials as they come, believing there is a Higher

Power who rules our destinies—One who did not put us on this earth to have us fill it with Unnecessary Worriments. EVE LAWLESS.

HOW TO GROW OLD.

NATURE has provided a means, to be sure; but then, mankind has found many ways in which to improve upon that ancient dame. One might suggest that Mother Nature usually knows her business, but that would be totally irrelevant to the question.

In the first place you want to take a melancholy view of all things; there is nothing like jollity and good nature to keep people young; therefore, have as little to do with these as possible. Don't look on the bright side; you are sure to find so many pleasant possibilities there that you will find yourself lingering before you know over that process of growing old. Every cloud may have a silver lining, but it is not your purpose to look for that; it is your mission to forecast the storm it portends, with dread and misgiving; it may sweep away houses, endanger lives, destroy your property for all you know; therefore pull on a long face and go about solemn as a churchyard, full of dismal forebodings.

Above all things fret and worry over the little trials of everyday life. There is nothing like this to plow wrinkles all over one's face. Wear a fixed frown; be sure that nothing ever does go well with you as with other people; what may be a fancy at first will very soon grow to be a fact. Keep declaring that you never can get beforehand with your work, and I do assure you the truth of the remark will very soon become apparent. Be sure you try to accomplish in one day the tasks which might properly be distributed through three; have ironing and baking, churning and scrubbing all at once upon your hands; it may take from five in the morning to ten at night, and you may be ready to drop when you are through, but you will be upheld by a martyr-like consciousness that no one can accuse you of shirking duty, and the friction of such daily toils and cares can't help wearing out the vitality which might keep you young in spite of yourself.

Possibly you may scorch John's best shirt and burn the bread; you may splash the scrub water upon the wall-paper in your hurry, and make the butter half coming by leaving the churning half done while you attend to the dinner; but all these things will give you more to fret about, and will set those three perpendicular lines between your eyebrows deeper, and decide those scattering hairs which have a notion of turning gray.

Keep that up; and next, you can begin assuring yourself that no one cares for you; no one values your services on earth; husband and children don't love you any more. You may say disconsolately that no wife and mother slaves more than you do, none makes greater sacrifices. And then, you think to touch their sympathy by giving up the new bonnet they wanted and needed; ten to one they will think you foolish for having done so, but you will have added another prickle to the chaplet of thorns you were wearing—one of the ever-present reminders to make life shorter. Borrow trouble; fret and worry; slave and drudge and wear the self-imposed martyr's crown; you will find it an easy matter to be worn out and old at from thirty to forty; you can console yourself with the reflection that they will miss you when you are dead, though, as another writer has said—"Love is a toll which it is safer to take all along the road."

J. D. B.

Foolscap Papers.

The Sewing Society.

My wife is the president of the Heathen Sewing Society—I mean the sewing society for the Heathen.

Their meetings being rather secret, I had a desire to know the proceedings, and as they were to meet at our house last night I hid myself in the clothes-press of the room, and it was a close press for me.

I watched through the key-hole, which had got knocked out, and saw the members arrive. Judging by their ages, I should have thought it was an antiquarian society instead. There was a slight sprinkle of married dames, but a heavy shower of old maids.

As the roll was called, I could tell the members by their answers.

Miss Stubbins was an old maid of thirty-five, but you wouldn't take her for more than fifty. Miss Binker looked like she was old enough to be her own grandmother. Miss Stitch had let oceans of time go by without getting married. Miss Knitton had ample time in her life to refuse the hands of half the men in the State. Miss Ginge's face had grown wrinkled with frowning so long at unsuitable suitors, and she had lost her teeth in snapping them off short. Miss Pincher had rejected every hand except the hand of time. Miss Tumsey showed that there was a good deal of past to her life, though she still looked to the future. Miss Tobbs would have been a happy bride twenty years ago, but the absence of the party on the second part alone prevented. Miss Podson was never won, and so continued to be one all her life. Miss Thinby used switches on her head in the absence of children to switch. Miss Johnsy was sweet sixteen—some twenty-four years ago. Miss Wobbs had stopped growing old at thirty, and still recollected it. Miss Wingum looked smilingly down on forty-five.

Indeed, I seemed to stand in the eternal presence of the past ages, and felt awed. At the start, everybody made a show of going to work upon some little article of necessity for the heathen, but after a few stitches, work was allowed to slip out of their hands and minds.

The articles looked like they were the original ones begun at the commencement of the society, and that they were like to be worn out years before they would be completed. There was a nightcap being made for the king of Congo to sleep in. There was a fine lace-collar being embroidered for a Hottentot belle; a pair of mittens for the Grand Hog of Soudan; a lamp-mat for some worthy Abyssinian brave; a bonnet for his wife; a fine necktie for some Guinea nigger, and other articles of vast necessity and of great use in the civilization of the uncivilizable who are sitting down there in Africa, doing nothing else but waiting for them to be sent.

There seemed to be great harmony among the members, and nothing ill was said of any one present. I can swear to this fact. But the neighbors and almost everybody else outside got almost as much as they deserved, if every thing was true that I heard about them. The pressure of conversation on outside people was about twenty-five pounds to the inch.

Everybody seemed to be talking at once; I only was left to hear. I really felt a lack of ears.

The "ahs," and "I always thought-thats," and "I told you sos," and the "shamefuls," and other and-so-forths, only seemed to make a discord in the smooth-running conversation, which hardly weakened when supper was passed around, and I saw my vituals disappear in a way which sent a spasm of horror through my pocket-book.

I never before could believe that a woman could talk right through a cup of tea which she is drinking without stopping. I verily believe, that to save time, some of those females talked through their noses.

After supper—which is the one necessary thing in these meetings—everybody branched out upon the Rights of Women and the Wrongs of Men. Each member was requested to say what she had to say against that minor part of creation.

I stood it until my wife arose and said she had what was called a husband in law, who was rather tyrannous—he made her do the housework, when if he truly loved her he would set in and do it himself. She had to make the beds and tend to the children, and—but I was leaning too hard against the key-hole, and the door burst open at this juncture, and I went out into the midst of the party sprawling.

I had rather have fallen into adverse circumstances. I had rather have fallen upon evil times, I had rather have fallen from grace or into a cold creek than to have fallen out among that crowd!

It was worse than the fall of Adam. At first there was a scream, whose solid weight would tip several tons.

In a second every one of those infuriated females, who imagined that I was a burglar, lit into me with every thing they could lay their hands on, or that they could lay on me. In vain I tried to tell them who I was—or at least who I was sorry I was.

I was beaten to a jelly. I was pounded all up into mush, I was reduced to fractions, then I was rolled over and pounded.

I never knew there was so much malignancy or force in the female form divine.

The anathemas hurled at me with every stroke of a cane-bottomed chair or a lounge pillow would be enough to scorch a common man into a cinder.

I was then shoved out of a side door and down three steps, head first, and laid there till daylight.

No one knew who I was till this morning. I didn't know who I was.

The meeting broke up, and I feel like I was, too. I have a respect now for sewing societies which I hadn't before.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Woman's World.

THE SPRING BONNET.

ALTHOUGH "coming has come" we cannot announce that spring bonnets are now a declared fact. A good authority, indeed, in matters of style, tells us that it is scarcely possible to judge, at present, what form will be most in vogue this spring, for after importation many shapes are adopted and many rejected; this accounts for our fashions generally differing vastly at the end of the season from the imported Parisian styles. We make French patterns as it were our starting point, and change them to suit the American taste. This being the case, we cannot announce as a certainty what the favorite shape will be.

From the many imported bonnets we have seen we judge that there is a decided tendency to make them *larger*; with this exception, i. e. there is little variation of *form* noticeable. For very young ladies the English walking hat is most certain to meet with general favor. It covers the forehead and is generally trimmed with long ostrich feathers.

For trimmings broche scarfs will be much in vogue, and flowers will be used in the greatest profusion. Many bonnets have half wreaths, which are generally composed of fine flowers of two or three kinds; sometimes the whole bonnet is surrounded with half-blown roses, poppies, and in short, flowers of every imaginable sort, all bunched in every conceivable manner. Many of the bonnets are surrounded with poppies. Ivy and geranium leaves are mixed with the various flowers.

But few of the new styles have *jet* ornaments. These are replaced by gold, silver, and pearl beading, and white gallow work with silver. We have also seen velvet worked in several colors. This is quite a new idea, and a decided relief from the perpetual jet ornaments we have been condemned to have recourse to for so long a time.

Birds and feathers will also be used, but not nearly so liberally as they have been. Gilded and silvered buckles, and ornaments covered with pearls, are likely to be much in favor. Some of the hats have plaid scarfs around the crown; these are generally made to correspond with the suits worn.

Almost all the imported bonnets are of *chip*. The prevailing color is likely to be *canary*. We have seen a very elegant white chip bonnet, with a brim lined with straw-colored gros grain; on the outside were loops of white gros grain lined with straw color. The entire front underneath was covered with wheat and fine white flowers intermixed; these extended to the back, and fell in sprays.

A white chip bonnet had a band of black velvet around the crown, worked in red, green, and golden flowers; on one side were poppies and daisies; over the crown was a blue feather, and a little toward the back was a dark-gray bird's wing; at the back of the bonnet, a little on one side, was a single loop of black velvet worked like the band; in the center was a full-plaited trimming of light blue silk; from this fell long blue loops and ends.

Another white chip had a brim lined with pink silk, over which was a twisted piece of pink silk; a wreath of rosebuds with a profusion of green wheat extended from the center of the bonnet on the inside to the back. A twisted piece of pink silk, slightly fringed on each side surrounded the crown; at the back hung long tulle strings.

A stylish black chip bonnet, turned up in the middle in front, was trimmed underneath with a wreath of mignonette, with roses of different colors intermixed. The crown had a silk scarf with a large loop in front and another at the back.

A black lace bonnet was also turned up in front, and had a wreath of mignonette on the outside. The inside was trimmed with a band of pink ribbon; in the center of this band were loops; a small green bird was placed upon the loops; the inside of the brim had a small border of jet beads.

From the above may be seen that neither the quantity, variety, nor combination of many colored flowers is lacking in the new style. The principal object appears to be to trim the bonnets as heavily as possible.

Evil ministers of good things are as torches—a light to others, a waste to none but themselves only.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future editions.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only when accompanied by the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as a copy; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commence Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its full page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We will try and find place for "How He Made His Pile," "A Woman's Plea," "Frost on Old Bowers," "A Governor in Velvet," "The Boy of the Barracks," "Hobnobbing with a Kiowa," "A Three-mile Leap," "Old Buxton's Crooked Stick," "To the following we shall have to say 'nay,' and return such as held stamps inclosed." "Lettie's Flirtation," "Life in Honduras," "True," "An Answer to 'Beautiful Promptings,'" "The Old House," "Conjugal Love," "The Mission of Literature," "Friend in Need," "The Sixteenth Amendment," "Badger-hunting," etc.; "The Hot Spring's Imp." W. R. D. We cannot supply the papers called for.

J. ELBERT. Have answered your query several times. See back numbers.

L. S. G. We do not return MSS. at our own expense.

YOUNG SNAP-SHOT. "Dinks on Dogs" is the book you want. Sold by all agricultural stores.

R. A. C. We endorse no advertiser, and refuse all that we think are humbug or impostor schemes.

R. B. Can't use your response to D. J. M.—*No-blesse oblige* means—rank or position imposes obligation.

M. E. C. S. Poem is very crude. We cannot "grillade" it for you. That is the schoolmaster's business, not ours.

C. A. S. Never send for copy a blurred transfer impression on tissue paper. All such go to the basket.

A. R. D. The best popular scientific journal is the *Popular Science Monthly*. It is kept a reader well "posted" in its scientific progress.

Miss P. M. See article elsewhere on spring bonnets. Very long gloves are now en vogue—six to ten buttons! The whole arm is kept covered! A New Subscription. Lent ends with Easter Sunday, March 28th. Give your party after that date if you want a full attendance. Many people never attend parties during Lent.

QUISIRUS. There is evidence to prove that the law is a *hardy* profession, for in this country the average life of a lawyer exceeds that of any other profession save that of the stage—which, singularly enough, averages more years of life and vigor than any other profession or calling.

A. M. S. Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, of New York, wrote the hymn, "I Would Not Live Alway." A new verse was added by the author in 1888 that does not appear in the hymn books' version. It should be sung, for it reveals the poet's own sad and somber impression. Dr. M., we believe, is yet living in this city.

DAVID M. G. Calomel is a chloride of mercury, viz.: 200 parts mercury to 30 of chlorine. Corrosive sublimate, a deadly poison, is simply calomel with an additional part (30) of chlorine added—that is, it is a bichloride of mercury. The medicine and poison are both to be dreaded.

MAJOR DOMO. A tendon is not a muscle. A muscle is a tissue covered with parallel fleshy fibers or threads, which are held together by a sheath of soft tissue, forming a sheath or case to the muscle, and enabling it to glide freely over the surfaces upon which it moves. A tendon is a hard, insensible chord or bundle of fibers which communicate motion from the muscles to the bones.

GAYROCHE. The "newest novelty" in fans is one, the handle of which forms a pocket-handkerchief which issues from the holder, which must be rich with lace, and delicately scented. The fan also has a tiny scent-bottle inserted at the bottom of the fan handle. This is a novelty that has profit in it. It only costs about fifty dollars!

MISS DE P. Augusta J. Evans, authoress of "Bunch," "St. Elmo," and "The Slave," Her husband is a banker, living in Mobile, Ala., which is her address. She is about thirty-five years of age. She has published no novel within a year.

DAN E. Old Junius Brutus Booth was twice married. By his first wife he had one son, Junius Brutus, and one daughter. By his second wife his children were: Edwin; Asia (now wife of J. S. Clark, the comedian); John; William; and Joseph. The latter was educated for a surgeon, but drifted into the "theatrical profession," not as actor, but as treasurer, etc., for Edwin.

DOCTOR PREB. Felons are readily curable in their incipient stages. As soon as its existence is determined, put the felon over the steam-heated common fly blister, about the size of a thumb nail, and let it remain for six hours, at the expiration of which time, directly under the point of the blister may be seen the tumor, which can instantly be taken out with the point of a lancet. A piece of adhesive plaster will keep the blister in its place.

ANN ARBOR ATTIC. Encke's comet is a very small affair, and is without a tail. Its orbit is wholly within our own solar system, and its revolution is accomplished in 3 1/3 years. This little customer will be nearest the earth on the 4th of May, approaching us within a distance of about 3,000,000 miles. It is usually only visible through the telescope, and is seen with the naked eye, as for instance in 1828, when it shone like a star of the fifth magnitude.

W. W. Walk in the sunlight as much as possible for it invigorates and increases the activity of the cerebro-spinal nervous system, and will cause you to feel strong, active and cheerful. It is also a powerful auxiliary in all cases when the mental faculties are involved, such as melancholy, confusion of ideas and insanity. Only be careful not to expose the head and face to the sun's direct rays.

COUNTYMAN. According to the last census, the population of New York city is 942,292; the transient population, or those who come to the city for an average of 5,000 emigrants temporarily remaining in the city, 6,000 seamen in port, about an average of 10,000 guests at hotels, and a population floating through on the Hudson and steamships, and who are calculated in numbers. There were about 20,000 marriages during the year, 35,000 births, and 37,000 deaths. \$8,000,000 were spent for public schools in 1874, and \$7,000,000 in public amusements, while \$50,000,000 were spent for liquors in bar-rooms, hotels and other licensed establishments!

MR. M. B. Ottawa. Steam-plows do pay. It is only a question of time for them to be introduced in this country. In barren, rocky Scottish soil, steam plow companies are on the increase, and crops increase with them. A small English company in Yorkshire, a merely local concern, lately published a report of three years' work, with dividends of twelve, eighteen and twenty per cent. Before many years steam-plows will no doubt be as common as reapers and thrashers are now.

JOHN HENRY asks: "Who were the first anglers of whom we have any knowledge?" Striped bass, the people of whom we know as fishing with hook and line were the Egyptians. There are a great many pictures in the Beni Hassan tombs representing nobles of high rank tranquilly fishing with rod and line in canals and ponds, evidently for sport, for the inclosures are artificial, and the fishermen are surrounded with luxuries in Israel XIX, 8, 10, the Egyptians are also associated with angling, from which notice it seems to have been a national pastime. They are spoken of as "casting angles into the brooks," and making "ponds and sluices for fish." The origin of netting for fish is also found in Egypt, on the tombs, and in the 9th verse of the same chapter in Isaiah.

TOM JONES, of Hudson, wants to know: "What are the best places to fish for bass?" Striped bass, the king of American game fish for rod and line, are plentiful on the coast and in the estuaries from Boston to Philadelphia. New York may be called the center of the habitat. For small bass, the Harlem river was once a crack place, fishing from the bridges with soft-shelled crabs and shrimp for bait, in the channels around Hellgate

MARCH.

BY FRANK M. IMBRIE.

Hark! Eurus blows a piercing challenge note,
Loudly defiant, Borea's bugles sound;
Charging, they wrestle in cyclonic strength,
While devastation marks the vantage-ground.
'Midst shivering steel and clashing bayonet's gleam
Swift through the ranks a meteor presence strides,
Striking the blast-forged chains from storm-veined
guards.
As murmuring treason waning power derides,
Shriek tempest-wild! thy clanging tocsin-peals,
Jar with the falling shakles, gleaming bright,
Where now thy victor-banners, storm aloft?
Where now thy shenoy robe of gem-starred white?
Thy treasured ermine-garb of royalty—
Now dappled, soiled, a motley aspect wears;
Unrested drag re-echoes muttering din;
Dismantled cliff thy tattered pennons wears.
Ay, glower on that ill-omened shaft of power,
Sent by coy Phoebe from her cloud-girt home;
Impotent now thy rage! Darst thou take up
The golden gauntlet, by her bright hand thrown?
Fate-hapless monarch, seek thy tottering throne,
Stained thy escutcheon by Defeat's chill breath;
Thy howl of wrath, death muffled, scarce is heard,
Thy triumph-chamber is thy couch of death!

The Terrible Truth:

OR,

THE THORNHURST MYSTERY.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,
AUTHOR OF "STRANGELY WED," "THE FALSE
WIDOW," "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED," "CO-
RAL AND RUBY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM THE OLD LIFE TO THE NEW.

THE bright August days went swiftly at Thornhurst. The month went out and September came in, and the time flew faster as the date of parting came near.

The fervid August heats were over on the sandy flats of Cape Cod. Life there never much changed all the summer through, and Nora chafed under the monotony as she never had done before. Before this she had been a careless, joyous child, giving little of real earnest thought to her future, dreaming some vague, misty dreams, indeed, all rose-tinted, golden glories, as the bright, blithe spirit could conjure. She had been content rowing her own little boat out upon the bay, singing the simple songs she had learned at the top of her clear young voice, tending her flowers or wandering the shore, and evading on every possible occasion her share of the household duties prescribed by Hannah. Nora never had taken kindly to domestic tasks. She hated the sight of a needle and deliberately walked over the broom when it was left in her way as a test of her order. But all this was changed of late. She lost her pleasure in the old boisterous sports. She went quietly about her tasks, fulfilling them in a most indifferent way, it must be confessed.

The child was coming round, Hannah said. She'd be a comfort and a blessing to them yet, Jabez and her, in their old age. Not but Nora had had herself a comfort and a blessing to them thus far, but she had been something of a thorn in the flesh as well—at once the tribulation and the delight of their lives.

It was all changed, and Nora felt that she had grown old in this one August past. She had lost something which had made her life all joy and sunshine before; she had lost the freshness of her unlimited faith in mankind. Do not suppose that she was pining in secret, wearing her heart out because of Dare. He had hurt her cruelly, he had struck home to her sensitive heart the first keen pang it had ever known, but she had seen him in his true unworthy light, and she never could have cared for him again, never, if she had even known how much more real earnestness had been in his words to her in the protestations she had heard him make when she stood coiled in Miss Ferguson's dressing-room at the Brewster Hotel. She doubted if she had cared for him very much after all, but he had hurt her—cruelly, willfully—all the same.

It was the very last day of August that Jabez came home from the town with a lagging, heavy step unlike himself, and a solemn countenance which aroused all Hannah's fears of fever or kindred calamity, and sent her in search of bonnet and pennyroyal before he was fairly in the house.

"Do you feel down like Jabez?" she queried, anxiously. "Be there something a-hammerin' in your head, or like a buzz-saw a-spinnin'?" Hain't you dry and hot, and weak in your legs, and nary some?"

Jabez shook his head dolorously, with a glance at Nora.

"I ain't anything of that sort, old woman. I ain't much of anything but that I'm shunderin' hungry and tired the bargain. Here's the mag'nize for you, Nory; I reckon you'd be hoppin' if I'd come without it."

Nora took it, very tempting with its fresh wrapper and uncut leaves, and took herself speedily away to one of her favorite outdoor haunts. Then Jabez, very grave still, stopped Hannah as she was bustling about making preparations for the evening meal.

"We're a-goin' to lose Nory, mother," he said. Hannah looked at him, startled, speechless. She had expected this once, thought it to be inevitable. But so many years had gone by with no note of warning, she had let herself sink into a false security, thinking Nora would never be claimed. She sat down in the wooden rocker, her wrinkled face turning gray as she waited his explanation.

Slowly Jabez brought a letter up from the depths of his capacious pocket. He unfolded it with the great horny hands that trembled, and looked helplessly across at Hannah, a lump of which he was ashamed rising up in his throat.

"Read it for yourself; maybe you'd better," and he passed it over. "I spelled it out down there to the office. Nory's father is dead, Hannah—died 'way off in furrin parts, and she's left to a friend o' his'n that's comin' for her. Read it out loud of you kin; you're quicker to make out words than I be, and pears to me I hain't got quite all the sense of it."

She lifted the letter and read it in a voice which was broken and uncertain. It was from Colonel Vivian, imparting the dying charge which had come to him from Edwin Carteret, and announcing his intention of coming for Nora soon. They might expect him on the tenth of September, and a check was inclosed to provide any immediate necessities she might need for her journey. A kind, considerate letter, alluding in a general way to his plans for the girl. He would take her for a short visit to Thornhurst, then she was to be sent to boarding-school for two years; she was to be educated to the position which was rightfully hers, and he would fill to her the part of the father she had never known. There was also a little note inclosed to her.

They sat still together after Hannah had ceased to read. The blow had fallen which

they had hoped might never fall. Nora was lost to them—Nora, the bright little creature who for fourteen years had been their greatest joy. Nora was to be made a lady as her mother had been; she would forget them with the fine friends who would come to her—but no! Nora was not ungrateful. There was comfort in the thought that she would never quite forget the faithful, humble old pair who had loved her as their very own. It was a sorrow come upon them too deep for words just at first, and when Nora came in as the sun went down, she found them sitting together still.

The solemn stillness and their changed, grave faces startled her. She met their eyes turned to her with quick apprehension.

"What is the matter, Hannah—is Jabez sick? Has anything happened?"

Hannah looked at Jabez; he made her a sign to answer.

"Something has happened, Nora—something concerning you. You're a-goin' away from us, deary. Read the letter, child; it'll tell you better'n I can."

Hannah choked back a sob as she handed over the letter and its inclosure. Nora, startled and not yet comprehending, crossed to the open doorway, the red glow of the fading sunset lighting the slight shape and glorifying that silky mass of floating hair. She read the letter through first, then glanced at the note addressed in her name—the name she scarcely knew, which had a strangely unfamiliar sound as she repeated it—"Miss Lenore Carteret." It was in substance not much different from the other, and transmitted her father's tender message. She stood there, watching the rosy light fade out of the sky, not speaking and not moving until a tremulous sigh from Hannah reached her ear. She was at her side in a moment, her arms about the old woman's neck, her fresh lips pressed against the withered cheek.

"Dear old Hannah, darling mammy, you'll be sorry to have me go, I know. I've been a trouble to you; I've teased you and been bad to you; I'm sorry, sorry, now, that I didn't try to do better, Hannah. You don't blame me for being glad of this, do you? I can't help it if it's wrong, and I'll always love you and Jabez just the same. It will be so splendid to go to school, to grow accomplished and refined. There, don't cry, nurse—don't!" Nora's own tears were flowing, an odd combination of happiness over the prospect opening before her and of sympathy in the sorrow of these old friends. Jabez put out his hand to stroke the soft bright hair with his horny palm, and darkness settled down over the three.

On the morning of the tenth day after that another equipage drew up before the fisherman's cottage, no less imposing in its magnificence than one which had fairly dazzled Nora's eyes scarcely six weeks before. But Nora was not dazzled now. She stood in the little porch, a slender figure in the soft, gray traveling-dress she was to wear that day, for Hannah had thought it best she should not go into mourning for a sorrow which she scarcely recognized as belonging to her. Her father was dead, but the Colonel Vivian of her note of ten days ago occupied his place in her thoughts.

She watched the erect, soldierly form as he advanced toward her, her heart fluttering, her breath short, but a moment later she laid her hand in his and looked up into the grand, kindly, rugged old face with frank, fearless brown eyes, quite composed and quite ladylike notwithstanding the fourteen years of her life passed upon this dreary, barren coast in care of a rude fisherman and his wife.

Colonel Vivian, looking keenly at her from beneath his shaggy, snow-white brows, noting her unaffected grace and simple assurance of manner, decided that she was a worthy daughter of his friend, Edwin Carteret. There was not much to be said, now that the Colonel had come. Nora's one little trunk was packed and waiting; her hat, with its floating veil like silver mist, lay upon the table with the little dark gloves beside it. There was nothing more but to say good-by to the couple who had been to her the only parents she had ever known.

Colonel Vivian looked at his watch, told Nora if she did not detain him above ten minutes they would reach Brewster to catch the noon train, and with a few words to Jabez and Hannah strolled down to the shore. He had all of a man's horror of scenes, and did not come back until the last moment, when Nora came out to the carriage clinging fast to the hand of her old nurse, choking back a sob with the stern determination that she would not cry, and breaking down at the very last. Her new guardian hurried her into the carriage at that, the last good-by was waved, and they rolled away smoothly over the sands of the shore.

Impulsive as her nature was, Nora was not demonstrative. She shed some quiet tears behind the misty silver veil, thinking of the sad house and mourning hearts she had left, but youth is never very long depressed. Her tears soon ceased to flow, and she glanced timidly at her guardian, sitting, a straight, commanding figure, at her side. Very wisely he had left her to herself at first. Afterward during their journey he devoted himself gradually to drawing her out, studying her nature, enjoying her surprise and delight over the novelties of travel and the sights which were commonplace to him.

They went by way of New York, stopping over a day and a night in the great metropolis. Colonel Vivian had a niece there, a handsome, cultivated woman and a recognized leader of fashion, doomed to seclusion this season by a death in her husband's family. This lady was drawn into immediate service by the Colonel. Nora must have numerous expensive additions to her outfit. Wasn't there some place where woman's gear was turned out ready-made, and couldn't she just take the responsibility into her own hands of selecting such things as might be needed? Mrs. Grahame at first demurred. It was a task which would require a week's time to properly execute, but yielded after a little urging and a small blast from the irate Colonel, "just to please her dear uncle," and compressed the week's work into one long forenoon.

On the fourth day, the afternoon train rumbling into Thornhurst station, deposited them, two weary, dusty travelers. The home carriage was there awaiting them, a wide, luxurious vehicle with stately steeds and silver trappings, but Nora had grown accustomed to fine things by this, and sunk back complacently amid the soft crimson cushions.

"This is Thornhurst proper, my dear," said Colonel Vivian, as the carriage turned aside from the highway. "Yonder is the house—you can scarcely see it yet. Welcome home to Thornhurst, Lenore."

Nora roused herself, looking about with a vivid interest in the surroundings of this new home.

"Is that the mansion, Colonel Vivian?" There was an accent of disappointment in her tone. She saw the building quite plainly, a

dark, irregular structure, not large, with an air of neglect and decay about it. The Colonel's brows contracted as he followed the direction of her gaze.

"Not that, Nora. I would pull that old rookery down fast enough if I had control of it. Unfortunately it stands just outside the line of my jurisdiction. That place is occupied by a Mr. Walter Montrose, an Englishman by birth and education, a Southerner by long residence, and not much credit either to England or the South through such a representative. It was one of the evil effects of the war to drive him into our neighborhood here, as surly, disagreeable a man as I ever care to meet. There is my home and yours to be for the future."

They swept a curve and came into full view of Thornhurst, of the stately mansion gleaming a fair sight in the afternoon sunlight, the wide lawn stretching in front, the gardens melting into orchards, the orchards into groves away at the back. Nora clasped her hands and gazed in speechless delight, and Colonel Vivian was satisfied. A couple of masculine forms strolled over from the shade of the elms as the carriage followed the winding drive which skirted the lawn.

"Who were those?" asked Nora, quickly. "Those? The one to my right is my son, the other a friend of his, Mr. Owen Dare. Don't look so blank at the prospect of meeting gentlemen, my dear. You'll not be indicted with their society very long, as they leave together for Europe to-morrow. He sprang from the carriage as it drew up at the door, handing her out with courtly gallantry.

"Once more welcome to Thornhurst, my child. See, that is my housekeeper at the head of the steps. My ward, Miss Carteret, of whom I told you, Mrs. Ford. Miss Carteret will prefer being shown to her own room at once. Try to get a good long rest before dinner, my dear."

The two young men coming leisurely up had but an imperfect glimpse of the little gray-clad figure as it vanished within doors.

"Hopes laid waste," said Vane, in mock resignation. "Ah, well! we can exist till dinner, I daresay."

For reasons of his own, Colonel Vivian had given only the briefest explanation of his sudden journey. Vane had remarked his untimely absence a little wonderingly.

"I shouldn't have supposed the Colonel would have put himself willingly out of the way up to the very eve of our departure," he had said to Dare. "This ward business might have waited for all I can see. However, it's probable the Colonel knows what he is about."

The Colonel did know what he was about, and it was not his cue to give Vane cause for a suspicion yet.

There was a tap at Nora's door, followed by the entrance of a rosy-cheeked, apple-faced girl, possibly two years her senior, just as the dressing-bell clanged through the still house.

"I'm Martha, the parlor-maid, if you please, Miss Carteret, and the Colonel says I'm to wait on you while you're here. You're to be made to look your handsomest to-night, if you please, Miss, and leave everything to me. You needn't be afraid; I'm used to waiting on the ladies when they're here. Miss Ferguson would as soon have me as her own maid, any time. Have you the key to your trunk, Miss—this one?" singling the larger with a glance, the one in which all the finery procured in New York was stored.

Nora produced the key, asking, indifferently: "Miss Ferguson? Is she here now?"

"Oh, dear, no, and the more thanks! Gone close upon three weeks ago. A precious one she is to wait on—" and there Martha went down upon her knees and into the contents of the trunk.

"Will I do?" Nora asked, shyly, as she floated down where her guardian awaited her at the foot of the stairs, half an hour later.

"Couldn't be better," he assured her, with an approving glance of his keen eyes, and on his arm she floated further into the drawing-room, and the presence of the two young gentlemen waiting there. She was all in white, with blue ribbons in her hair, but the dress was the finest of India muslins, embroidered and ruffled, the ribbons the very best *gros grain*.

"Miss Carteret, Mr. Vane Vivian, my only son. Mr. Dare, my ward, Miss Carteret."

There was a malicious gleam in Nora's eyes, as she observed the surprise of both, the disconcerted air, quickly suppressed, of one. They acknowledged the introduction in due form, Vane with that amused, provoking smile, telegraphing a glance at Dare behind the Colonel's unsuspecting back. Nora was thoroughly self-possessed. She chatted with her guardian all through the dinner hour, responded freely to Vane, passing a casual remark once or twice with Dare, but never once betraying the slightest previous knowledge of either.

"A thorough-bred, if ever I saw one," thought Vane, with a thrill of dawning admiration. "Turning the tables on Dare with a vengeance, too; a fair return for his treatment of her. Odd that she should be the Colonel's ward."

Dare, amazed and bewildered at first, soon understood the case better. He recalled Hannah's story—her assertion, which had passed for little or nothing with him then, that Nora came of a higher degree.

How fair she looked, how sweet, how tantalizing in her utter indifference, admirably assumed, as he felt it must be. He was not giving her credit for having penetrated to his depth, or overcoming her own folly. Already the security of possession had taken the edge off all through the dinner hour, responded freely to Vane, passing a casual remark once or twice with Dare, but never once betraying the slightest previous knowledge of either.

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"How you have taken me by surprise, Nora," he found an occasion to whisper, just before they parted that night. "Is it possible that late prosperity has obliterated your recollection of old friends? I can scarcely reconcile the Miss Carteret of this evening with my little Nora of the coast."

"One and the same person nevertheless, Mr. Dare, but never 'your little Nora,' let me observe. And I should not suppose you would have any difficulty in reconciling the two. A creature of oddities, freckles and red hair is not very apt to change personality all in a twinkling."

"The deuce!" thought Dare, as she walked away. "I was right in my conjecture, then. It was she who occupied the dressing-room that day."

"A charming little creature, don't you agree with me, Vane?" asked the Colonel, after she had taken leave of them for the night. Whatever Vane's private opinion may have been, it was no habit of his to commit himself very definitely.

"Well, now, that might be a little too sweeping an assertion," he answered, lazily. "Modified a trifle in style and without that flaming mane, Miss Carteret would be rather tolerable, I fancy. Red hair always was my pet aversion, you know."

Unlucky speech! How far from uttering it would Vane have been had he known that Nora, lingering on the wide stairway, had heard the question and stooped low, waiting to catch his answer. She waited for nothing more, but went on to her room, closing the door with unthought vehemence after her.

"He, too," she said, bitterly. "And I was really almost liking him."

The morrow broke the little household band. The great house was very still after the two young men were gone. A gloom seemed to rest upon it, in spite of the lovely September weather, of the rich harvests being gathered in, of the mellowing fruit, and ripening grapes, and lack of all apparent care to weigh upon its master—a gloom which deepened after a little time when Nora too was gone.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SLIGHT ACCIDENT.

OCTOBER had dropped upon Thornhurst when we see it again. The harvests were all in, the fruit all gathered from the orchards, except here and there where some frost-defying specimens clung to the boughs, from which the leaves were fast dropping in red and yellow drifts soon to turn here and be scattered to the four winds, the vineyard was a brown blot against the hillside, with nothing left to indicate the purple wealth which had loaded it down so short a time before. Dahlias lifted their blasted heads in the Thornhurst gardens, and every wind sent the leaves flying from the line of elms over the whole wide lawn.

Thornhurst has grown two years older since we saw it last. The mansion is open after being closed half through the summer time. Colonel Vivian is but barely home again, with his ward and a visitor, in the house which has been orderly and still for two dragging years. The Colonel had gone for Nora when the school term closed, late in June, and they had passed the summer together among the mountains and at the sea-shore, with a flying trip to Niagara and another up the Hudson, but everywhere carefully eschewing the resorts of fashion and the votaries thronging them until at last they took Newport in their way, according to a previous agreement of the Colonel, and brought back along to Thornhurst Mrs. Sholto Norton Hayes.

Nora could not quite let the summer slip by without paying a visit to the little cottage and her old friends upon the coast. She went there from Newport, alone at her own request. She left the train at Brewster, and walked across the sands to the little brown cottage which was hallowed in her thoughts yet as "home." So little change was apparent there it might have been no longer ago than yesterday she had gone away. The boat she had so often rowed was rocking by its stake at the beach. Her rosebush was carefully tended; it had put out a longer growth, and the rough trellis Jabez had made for her showed signs of age, propped up on either side to enable it to withstand the sea-breezes. Hannah sat in the wooden rocker as the slight figure grown taller came in through the open door—sat and looked at her for one second, as she might have looked at any stranger, then, with her hand upon the chair, she rose up trembling, as two soft arms circled her neck, two fresh lips were pressed to her withered old cheek.

"Nora, is it my own little Nora again?" And that first incredulous cry expressed the real change which had taken place, as Nora found it, in the week she staid. The little brown house was just the same, but it was no longer home. The snows may have lain a little thicker on the two old heads, but a constraint had come between them, and the nursing who had grown up beneath their care. It was not that they had changed. Nora had grown away from them, separated by more than the absence of two years. She had found her own sphere, and never again could she have found even the counterfeit of content in this humble life. Her guardian came for her when the week was ended, and going without regret, Jabez and Hannah felt that at no time, in all the two years, had she been further from them than in this week past. It had been no fault of Nora's throughout. She had been as affectionate as ever before, she had tried to appear unchanged, and it was no fault of theirs that the romping, willful child they had loved was lost to them in this graceful girl, educated and refined, a lady now of whom they stood almost in awe. Nora, truly, but never again *their* Nora.

The three were alone at Thornhurst, Colonel Vivian, Nora, and Mrs. Sholto Norton Hayes. The latter had been brought along to play propriety for a few days' time to the Colonel's ward. Mr. Vane Vivian and his companion Owen Dare were expected home daily now. Colonel Vivian's pride was self-satisfied, and it would have seemed like no home-coming had he received his son and heir any where except at Thornhurst. The whole party would leave very soon afterward. The Colonel had accepted the urgent invitation of his niece, Mrs. Grahame, in behalf of himself and Nora, who was to be brought out into metropolitan society early in the season through that lady's kindness. The young gentlemen would take apartments within easy distance, and they would return with accelerations to their number for the Christmas holidays at Thornhurst.

It was four days after their arrival that the returned travelers were welcomed home. Nora was in the drawing-room, while Mrs. Sholto Hayes was not more than half through with the mysteries of her afternoon toilet, all alone, when the faint fragrance of a sear penetrated to her, and a minute later one of the masculine forms she had supposed safely stowed away above stairs, stepped in through an open window, humming in an undertone, but stopping short at the sight of her.

"Really, I beg pardon, but—had I not ought to know that face? Surely this is Miss Carteret, my father's ward. I had really overlooked the probability of seeing you here. Now that I have seen you, aren't you going to shake hands and make friends, and give me welcome?"

He stood before her, changed by these two years, grown older, matured in face and figure, the handsome man she had ever seen. The smooth dark face was graced by a mustache now, the rich glow had faded from the pale olive skin, the eyes seemed larger, deeper, darker than she remembered them, and Nora could not know that this interesting pallor and somewhat hollow eyes were the results of constant dissipation of the most reckless kind. He had forgotten her very existence—he might as well have said it in plain words as in that disguise. She understood it, and a little bitterness she had cherished against him since their last meeting found expression.

She gave her hand in the briefest of touches, and drew back a step to the window, through which he had passed.

"Of course you are welcome, Mr. Vivian. The Colonel and Mrs. Hayes have talked of nothing but your coming for the last four days. For myself"—with a half pause, and a saucy upward glance—I confess to a disappointment. I had not expected to be quite

forgotten. Red hair being an especial aversion of yours, I thought my 'flaming mane' would have served to keep you in some sort of recollection, though not a flattering one."

"Not like red hair?—well, as a general thing, no! But I hope I was never guilty of the monstrosity of such a hint in regard to *your* hair, Miss Carteret. I'm willing to avow my mistake and it an exception, if I were. Red is an expressive color you know, Miss Carteret; its language is love. Pray don't make me miserable, and it emblematic of a different sentiment in our case."

Nora resented the careless, familiar address, just the same he had used toward her two years ago upon the coast, and she a young lady now of his own standing, lacking his prospects of fortune it is true, but knowing herself as clever and as pretty as girls of her age brought up in the circumstances she had but lately found were apt to be.

"I prefer honest hate to the pretension of love, at any time, Mr. Vivian—not that either is to be apprehended in our case of course." She flushed quickly in expectation of the amused smile she remembered of old, but the face looking down upon her was very grave—so grave that she did not quite trust to it.

"And meantime, that is meant as a warning to me. I thank you for that much, at least, Miss Carteret, and devoutly echo your wish that neither extremity need apply to us."

It was on her tongue's end to correct him; she had not *wished* it, but checked herself just in time, and wondered if he had purposely made his mistake.

"Dare's little friend has improved, that's a fact," Vane was thinking, lazily; "but she seems afflicted with the same infirmity of disposition still which he attributed to her then. 'A little termagant' he dubbed her, I remember."

She certainly had never looked fairer than as she stood there, the slender, lithe form cut against the glowing October tints without, the fair, sweet face no longer marred by tan and freckles and exposure to all sorts of weather, the "flaming mane" not loosely flowing now, but banded in a waving chignon on the very top of the graceful head. She was in a carriage-dress of rich blue, and color and tint exquisitely suited to her, and she held a pork-pie hat with blue plume and a pair of buff driving gloves in her hand. She settled the former jauntily upon her chignon, and began to draw on the latter, as a rustle in the far distance heralded the approach of Mrs. Hayes.

"You came in here for coolness and solitude, I presume, Mr. Vivian, and you shall be left to enjoyment of the same very soon. I am going to drive Mrs. Hayes through some of the lovely lanes and byways I have been racing through these four days past."

"And I really expect nothing better than a broken neck or limb, Miss Carteret is so remarkably reckless in whatever she does. I positively almost regret having promised to go at all." Mrs. Hayes herself spoke from the doorway languidly, as though the prospect of broken neck or limb were nothing compared with the exertion of speaking at all. She had passed greetings with Vane and his friend upon their arrival, having lingered below in her most charming morning negligee for the express purpose.

"Really, I should like nothing better than to calm your apprehensions by relieving Miss Carteret if she would permit, only I am scarcely in proper trim. If I could trust you ladies to overlook the fact and take me as I am—"

"Don't think of such a thing! I would not permit you or any one—unless it were the Colonel himself—to take my dainty Frisk and Flight in hand. New-comers to the stable since you were here, Mr. Vivian, that my guardian has devoted to my exclusive use. Mrs. Hayes need not have the slightest fear; if I am remarkably reckless in all I do, I am also remarkably correct."

Miss Carteret's assertion was in imminent danger of being disproved before the drive was over. She had taken the sweep of the carriage-road, handling the ribbons in an approved style to elicit the admiration of the Colonel, himself a skilled horseman and no less skillful driver, as he stood watching; so out of sight through the long avenue leading to the gates. But oh, what an exhilarating breeze it was sweeping up from the valley! How the maple trees hung out their crimson-and-gold banners, glistening under the afternoon sun; how the woods rustled and whispered in all the changing tints which the first few frosts of autumn bring! Like any ardent lover of nature and novice in the art of driving, Nora's vigilance very soon relaxed. The brown eyes wandered away more frequently from the crisp turt of the lane under the feet of Frisk and Flight, eliciting weary monosyllables of assent from Mrs. Sholto Hayes through her own rapturous delight.

But from the poetry to the reality of autumn influences came the swift transition. A sharp, dashing rain of a week before had washed a rut into a gully, and Nora's unheeding eyes just then were watching a flock of migrating birds that sailed screaming over their heads. There was a great jolt, a toppling of the little basket carriage sideways, and Nora came back to a sudden sense of her duty, bracing herself and drawing the lines tight in upon the willing ponies. All might have gone well even then but for Mrs. Sholto Norton Hayes. That lady, roused from her customary languor, went through the invariable programme followed by weak-nerved persons under similar circumstances—screamed shrilly and caught at the reins.

"Sit still," cried Nora to her. "Hold fast to the seat and don't dare think of jumping!"

But the other's movement had turned the ponies' heads, and in a moment more one wheel lay in the rut, and the carriage went down, tumbling Mrs. Sholto Hayes unceremoniously to the ground, but most fortunately Frisk and Flight stood still at their mistress's word.

"You are not hurt in the least, Mrs. Hayes," said Nora, decidedly. "Do get up, please, and go to the house we see yonder for assistance. There, my beauties! I do nobly, but I am afraid to leave you with that wreck at your heels."

Mrs. Hayes, however, sat upon the ground, sighing dolorously, declaring herself too faint and crushed to move. Nora felt very much like flying at her, giving her a shaking and setting her upon her feet, but was proceeding to tie her docile charges to the fence, when a young lady emerged from the cedar grove at a little distance and approached them.

"Is any one injured?" she asked—"this lady?"

"Is not hurt in the least," returned Nora, shortly. "Mrs. Hayes, if you only will get up, you may discover the fact for yourself. The question is, how is this mishap to be remedied?"

"If you ladies will come with me—the horses may be left now, I think—the father and a man upon the place will see what can be done. It is but a little distance there."

She pointed to the house to which Nora had

referred, where its outlines were darkly defined through wild, untrimmed foliage. The same house she had taken for Thornhurst mansion on the occasion of her first coming there, as she recalled when they approached it.

"What a very beautiful face the young lady has, and how queenly she is! I wonder if she can be the daughter of that Mr. Montrose my guardian seemed to so heartily dislike?" Nora mused.

She was assured of it a moment later. A tall, thin, elderly man, with hard but not unkindly face, appeared in the doorway—Mr. Walter Montrose. His features were regular, his lips thin and compressed, his forehead slightly receding, his eyes steely blue and keen, his dark hair scarcely touched with age.

"The ladies from Thornhurst, papa," said their guide. "They have met with an accident; their carriage broke down in the lane. I told them you would see if there was any repairing it for their return."

"The ladies from Thornhurst?" Mr. Walter Montrose gave them a keen glance. "Then this young lady is Colonel Vivian's ward?"

"The accident proved simple enough. A defective nut had given way, but a substitute was found, and in a very few moments the carriage stood in readiness for their use."

"We only stay a few days at Thornhurst," said Nora, as they took their departure. "But I do hope I may have the pleasure of seeing you again, Miss Montrose. May I come again?"

"If you like," and a pleased smile illumined the dark, beautiful face. Nora would have liked to add an invitation for Miss Montrose to visit her at Thornhurst, but felt she was not at liberty to do so without first consulting Colonel Vivian.

"How imprudent to have associated so freely with those people," reproved Mrs. Sholto Norton Hayes, who had been unwilling as the emblem of frigidity itself, during their homeward drive. "They are low, ordinary persons from all appearances."

"I never saw a more perfect lady," Nora averred, "and Mr. Montrose quite as much a gentleman. I think I never saw more lovely eyes."

"It is an opportunity you must not neglect, Venetia," said Mr. Walter Montrose, watching the little basket-carriage as it rolled away. "Girl-friendships are easily cultivated always, and this one will secure you an entrance to Thornhurst."

A bitter smile played over the rare, full lips.

"Did you observe how careful she was not to ask me there? She knew us, and of course knows Colonel Vivian's hearty dislike. I do not see that Thornhurst is nearer than before."

"You must make it nearer," he said, in the quiet, decisive tone from which she knew there was no appeal. "You must make it nearer! Haughty, purse-proud, over-bearing people though they be, you are equal to them now, you may be far above them one day, though that is a meager hope. At any rate, never forget what blue blood runs in your veins, and hold your own with them as you have the right. You can win your own way if you like, and as you must like, after the first. Yes, you must turn this to account and get admitted to Thornhurst, Venetia."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 262.)

The Rival Brothers: OR, THE WRONGED WIFE'S HATE.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,
AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "A WFUL MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV. EVE'S FIRST PROPOSAL.

THE *chambres à coucher*, as Madame Moreau's young ladies styled what common people call their bedrooms, were situated on the third floor of the *pensionnat*; and all along that third floor, one moonlight night, about a week after the rainy afternoon on which Eve and Hazel quarreled, a long row of lights twinkled. In these apartments, sacred to youth, beauty, innocence, and all that kind of thing, the whole troupe of *pensionnaires* above the age of ten were gathered; and great was the bustle and chatting, and confusion reigning within. Bustle and confusion, in fact, had been the order of the day. The whole school was in a state of unprecedented excitement, thinking and talking of nothing but the two great events about to take place—the departure of Eve and Hazel for England, and Madame Schaffer's grand farewell-party, given the night before their departure, in their honor.

The misery of parting, which had cost the young ladies copious showers of tears during the past melancholy week, was lost sight of to-night. They were all sorry, no doubt, but, poor caged darlings! we all know how sweet parties were in our boarding-school days. Oh, the Elysian dreams of the sweet youths we were to dance with; the delicious visions of ice-cream, jellies, boned turkey, and *blanc mange* that floated before our mind's eyes; and how utterly we forgot the existence of Lindley Murray, the rule of three, and the dismal tomorrow, in the whirl of the waltz and the glare of the gaslights. So the *pensionnaires* arrayed themselves in all the purple and fine linen allowed in that bread-and-butter-eating age, and giggled, and gossiped, and lost sight of altogether the heart-rending parting so close at hand.

In one of these rooms, all littered over with garments, books, half-packed trunks, and traveling-bags, two *demoiselles* were putting the finishing touches on their toilet. The one who stood before the glass, eyeing herself complacently from tip to toe, had her small and very roundabout figure draped in a swelling amplitude of pink gauze, very low-necked, very short-sleeved, white and red roses looping up the full skirt, clasping the corsage, clasping the sleeves, and wreathed in and out the bright brown hair. But the red roses paled before the peony hue of her cheeks, flushed with excitement; and the stars of Cancer, glittering in the June sky outside, were not brighter nor starrier than the shining brown eyes. She had just drenched a pocket-handkerchief in Jockey Club, filling the room with perfume, and flitting over her gauzy skirts, she twirled round like a whirlwind, and settled suddenly down before her companion, in what children call "making a cheese," her pink dress ballooning out all around her.

"Ma bonne cousine! ma chère Princesse! my darling Eve! how do you like me?"

The young lady addressed stood at some distance, drawing on her gloves. At all times, in any dress, Eve Hazelwood must be beautiful,

but she looked unusually lovely to-night. It might have been that her dress was most becoming; amber crape, with trimmings of rich lace and creamy roses; her only ornament a slender gold chain and cross, and the glossy black curls falling in glittering darkness over her shoulders. If Hazel was flushed, Eve was pale—something unusual for her—and that and the pensive look her sweet face wore gave, perhaps, the new charm to her fresh young beauty. She and Hazel had smoked the casket of peace, though Miss Wood had not gone to the ball, and Mr. Paul Schaffer had heard the whole affair, and formed his own opinion accordingly. She looked up now, and surveyed her cousin with a critical eye.

"You look in good health, for your face is as red as your dress, but you smell rather strong for my taste. Why do you use so much perfume?"

"Because I like to smell nice; and gentlemen are something like hounds—they follow the scent! Doesn't my dress fit splendidly?"

"It's a great deal too tight. You'll burst out of your hooks and eyes before morning."

"I'll do nothing of the sort!" indignantly. "You wouldn't have me go in a bag, I hope! It fits like a worsted stocking on a man's nose!"

"Now, Hazel, you know you broke three corset-laces sewing yourself up before you could get it in! You'll die of a rush of blood to the head, if you are not careful!"

"I shouldn't wonder," said Hazel, in a subdued tone; "I feel as if there was an extra quantity of the fluid up there now. But what is one to do? I can't go looking like a hog-head round the waist, and I must lace up to be a decent figure. I don't see why I can't be thin and genteel, like you; it's dreadful to be so fat as I am!"

"It's a harrowing case, certainly," said Eve, laughing; "and what's more, I am afraid there is no help for it. However, Paul Schaffer doesn't mind."

"Dear, darling Paul," burst out the gushing Miss Wood, her eyes dancing fandangos in her head. "Oh, Eve! isn't it good of him to come to England with us, all on my account? Nobody need say, after that, he doesn't care for me!"

This fact was quite true. Monsieur Paul Schaffer had, to the surprise of every one, announced his intention of going over the Atlantic in the same steamer with Doctor Lance and his wards. Hazel's first sensation, on being told of her removal to another land, had been one of intense dismay. What will Paul say? How could I leave Paul? had been her first distracted thought. Paul settled the matter at once.

"I have been waiting to visit Old England this long time, petite," he said coolly; "and now is the time. I will go over with you, my darling, and see what kind of place this ancestral home of you Hazelwoods is."

And from that instant Hazel's earthly happiness was complete.

"I don't see why you can't like him, Eve," she said, petulantly; "you have no right to be so prejudiced. If I lost him," with a little passionate gesture, "I should die!"

There was so much of desperate earnestness in poor Hazel's tones, that Eve was touched. She took the burning cheeks between her cool hands, and bending down, kissed her.

"My darling, I will try to like him for your sake, but he is not half good enough for you!"

"I tell you he is! He is good enough for a princess."

"Not for me!" laughed Eve. "I would not marry him if he were to make me a queen! But all to their taste. Are you engaged?"

"No—yes—I don't know. He loves me, and I him—that's enough."

"Is it? I know nothing about such things; but it seems to me he should speak to our guardian."

"What! to that old death's-head-and-cross-bones, Doctor Lance? No, thank you. Wait till we go to England, and then I know he will ask our other guardian, cousin Arthur. He cannot be such an old snapping-turtle, surely, as this one."

"Hazel, look here. Is he my cousin, too?"

"Why, of course he is! Why shouldn't he be?"

"I don't know, but sometimes I think—Hazel, do you know I scarcely ever heard any thing of my father and mother?"

"Why, they're both dead and buried ages ago," said Hazel, drawing on her gloves. "What on earth did you want to hear about them?"

"Your mother never would speak of them. She used to put me off. And Doctor Lance, the only time I ever summoned up courage enough to speak to him on the subject, told me to hold my tongue, and be thankful I ever had a father and mother at all, for it was more than I deserved."

"And served you right, too," was Hazel's sympathetic answer, "dragging dead people out of their graves. There, I declare they're calling us! Where's my hood and shawl? Are you ready?"

"Yes," said Eve, hastily donning her wraps; "perhaps Babetta and Hermine are to pick up for us, and have our trunks ready when called for. Are they not?"

"Yes, yes, come along, or all the rest will get into the carriages before us, and we will get our dresses awfully mussed up."

Eve cast one last long look behind.

"Good-by, old room," she said; "I have been very happy here—happier, perhaps, than I will ever be in the land where I am going."

Half a dozen carriages, not to speak of the huge carryall belonging to the school, known to the girls as Noah's Ark, were drawn up before the door, and the ecstatic *pensionnaires* crowded in, and in twenty minutes were crowding out again in front of the Schaffer homestead. That building was one sheet of light from cellar to *grenier*; and the regimental band, perched up in the gallery of the ball-room, was in full blast at the eternal "Vive la Canadienne."

"Vive la Yankee-eme!" commenced Hazel Wood, leaping into the extended coat-sleeves of her adored Paul.

All was confusion and most admired disorder in the drawing-room, where every one was talking and laughing at the tip-top of her lungs, and paying no attention to her neighbor.

"Talk about Babel!" exclaimed Hazel, tripping past Eve, "after this tumult. Hurry up, Eve, if you don't want to be deafened for life."

Eve, consigning her wraps to a servant, shook out her floating skirts, glanced at her curls and at the bright face the mirror reflected, and left the noisy scene. At the foot of the grand staircase she encountered Louis Schaffer.

"Here you are at last!" cried that young gentleman, briskly. "What a shocking length of time it does take you girls to settle your fur-below!" (Eve had been gone about six minutes.) "Come along, our waltz will commence in a brace of shakes."

What length of time is a brace of shakes, Louis? laughed Eve, as she took his arm and entered the brilliantly-lighted and well-filled ball-room.

"Never you mind, it's that long. Oh, my, what have we here?"

Quite a large circle were gathered near the center of the room, who, judging from their peals of laughter, were evidently enjoying themselves immensely. Among them, with an amused smile on his face, stood Professor D'Arville, with Hazel and half a dozen of the wild *pensionnaires* around him.

"Eve, Eve, come here!" called Kate Schaffer, "and defend yourself. Hazel Wood is telling tales out of school."

"Relating dreadful legends of your goings on in New York, Mademoiselle," said the young professor, turning his amused face to the young lady he addressed. "Are they all true?"

"Of course they are," shrilly cried Hazel. "I never tell fibs."

"Except where the truth don't answer," put in Louis Schaffer, *sotto voce*.

"Mr. Schaffer, I'll thank you not to be impertinent; you know nothing about it. Oh, we used to have glorious times in the long vacations, and Eve, prim as she looks, can't deny it. We used to promenade Broadway—clean, delightful, delicious Broadway—at all hours of the day and night, staring at the nice young men loafing and picking their teeth on the hotel steps, disporting ourselves Sundays in the Park on two charming ponies we had, and turning the heads of everything masculine we came across! Didn't we, Eve?"

"Do come away," said Eve to Louis, her cheeks flushing, and feeling annoyed beyond measure, she scarcely knew why, at Hazel's exaggerated *exposé*. Perhaps because Paul Schaffer was staring at her so offensively as he carried his mustache; perhaps, because of that amused and queersmile on Monsieur D'Arville's handsome creole face; perhaps—but who can read a girl's reasons when she cannot even do it herself.

"Then there was Barnum's Museum in the afternoon," went on the reckless Hazel, "when we used to go to the theater, and push, and pull, and crowd in with the rest of the female mob who frequent that palace of wonders. And oh! such a fascinating young policeman that used to grab us by the shoulder and land us across, through a delirious maze of stages, cars, carts, coaches, and every other kind of vehicle under heaven, from a wheelbarrow up. He was my first, my last, my only love, that nice young policeman; and I know Eve was in a worse state about him than I!"

"Louis, Louis, come away!" Eve repeated, every vein tingling with her intense mortification; but Louis was enjoying the fun amazingly, and held her fast.

"And what's more," Hazel continued, lowering her voice to a thrilling whisper, "we used to go to the Bowery Theater. Our gentlemen wouldn't take us there, so we paid the waiter-man in the house where we boarded to escort us. Eve only went once, and after hard coaxing; then, but I went lots of times, and there never was such fun. Oh, my heart will certainly break after New York."

"For pity's sake, Louis, let me go!" Eve desperately cried; and Louis, looking at her, saw her whole face flushed, and her eyes full of tears of bitter humiliation. More keenly even than she felt for herself, she felt for Hazel, who, of an excitable nature at all times, seemed half out of herself to-night.

"What, you're never crying, Eve!" exclaimed Louis; and Professor D'Arville glanced at the beautiful, mortified face through his half-closed eyes. "What a goose you are, to be sure! Oh, here's our waltz. Off we go then."

Very little the belle of the ball—for such undeniably Eve was—enjoyed that waltz.

"How he must despise me!" her pained heart kept crying bitterly all the time.

"He!" Ah, that tell-tale little pronoun—even Eve, the iceberg, had come to it at last.

Louis would have carried her off in search of ice when the dance was concluded, but Eve shook him off rather peremptorily, and started a lecture in the cool recess of a deep window she found her seated, flushed after the waltz, fanning herself violently, and fortunately alone. Paul Schaffer had gone in search of a glass of ice-water for his hot little partner. Eve broke upon her, with scarlet cheeks and flashing eyes, and began the attack without preface.

"Hazel, have you gone mad? What did you mean by telling all those atrocious fables to that gaping crowd half an hour ago, and making us the laughing-stock of the room? If you have no respect for yourself, you might have a little consideration for me."

"Eh?" said Hazel, looking up in surprise. "What's all this about? What's the matter with you?"

"The matter!" said Eve, in a tone of suppressed passion. "You made a pretty show of yourself and to-night, did you not?"

"La! I only told the truth!"

"It was not the truth; at least, you exaggerated most shamefully. What must those who heard you think? Professor D'Arville will have a fine opinion of his pupils."

"Bah! Who cares! An old schoolmaster like him!"

"He is not a schoolmaster!"

"Positive, school; comparative, schoolmaster; superlative, professor! It's worse! Besides, we are not his pupils any more; we are going to 'Merrie England.'"

"England, my country—great and free!" Heart of the world! I leap to thee!"

Professor D'Arville may go to grass!"

"I have only one thing to say," exclaimed Eve, who, being only mortal—poor thing!—like the rest of us, was intensely angry; "that if I ever hear you telling such abominable tales again, you and I will be friends for the rest of our lives! Remember that!"

Paul Schaffer was coming up with the ice-water, and Eve swept away, catching Hazel's shrill exclamation as she went:

"Why, Paul, here's Eve raging like a Bengal tiger because I said all that awhile ago, and Professor D'Arville heard it. Did you ever?"

In no mood at that moment for enjoyment, and hot almost as Hazel herself, Eve stepped through one of the large French windows, out on the lawn, for the drawing room was on the ground floor. Something else had annoyed her on the way; Kate Schaffer was singing, like a nightingale, some charming Italian songs, and Professor D'Arville was standing by the piano, turning over her music with an entranced face, drinking in every note, with eyes and ears for her alone. Poor Eve! She had got into a most unhappy state of mind that night, and everything was going wrong. Kate Schaffer was a handsome girl, an heiress, and the daughter of the house, no doubt; but why need Professor D'Arville be blind to all the rest of the world because of that?

The weird, white summer-moon, sailing serenely up in the blue-black concave of heaven, with her myriad of stars keeping court about her, looked down on the flushed cheek and troubled breast of the young girl leaning against the pine-tree, as it has looked on many another young girl in similar trouble. Eve saw nothing of the solemn beauty of the night. She was thinking that to-morrow she left Canada forever, and perhaps the first news she would hear in far-off England would be the marriage of Monsieur D'Arville and Kate Schaffer. There was no earthly reason why such an event should disturb her, but it did disturb her signally; and, just as she was brooding drearily over it, two gentlemen came up the path to the house, smoking cigars and talking. Eve recognized them, and drew back into the shadow of the trees. One was her guardian, Doctor Lance; the other, Monsieur Schaffer, senior.

"And so," Monsieur Schaffer was saying, "D'Arville has really accepted this situation?"

"D'Arville has really accepted the situation of secretary to Mr. Arthur Hazelwood, and goes to England in the same steamer with me," Doctor Lance replied. "I had no idea he would when I spoke to him about it—told him Hazelwood had written to me to find and fetch him a competent secretary—the man himself always was abominably lazy from a boy. I spoke to D'Arville to see if he knew any one in Montreal who would suit. His answer was:

"Yes."

"Who is he?" I asked.

"Myself," was his reply.

"Of course, I jumped at the offer—saved me trouble, you see. The salary is a good one, the situation easy; but D'Arville is a fool, for all that. The young man has talent, and never before thought he wanted ambition."

The two passed in, and Eve came out from the shadow with an altered face and an altered heart. As she did so, a step sounded behind her; a tall figure was by her side in the moonlight, and Paul Schaffer's dark eyes were upon her face. Something in that look startled her. She turned to go, but he detained her.

"Why do you always fly when I come near?" he asked. "Am I so very hateful to you?"

Eve was naturally straightforward and truthful in the extreme. She merely looked her lips by way of answer, and stood looking straight before her. Paul Schaffer lowered his voice, his eyes; and his tall head.

"I have been searching for you the past fifteen minutes. I have something very particular to say."

Eve's heart beat faster, and for one instant she glanced hurriedly around, as if to fly.

"No, no! You must not go! Miss Hazelwood—Eve—you leave Canada to-morrow. I must speak to you to-night!"

"I must go into the house!" Eve said, in a violent tremor. "I shall be missed!"

She turned to go, but he caught her, and the words she dreaded to hear were spoken. With a sharp cry, she broke from him, and stood, with parted lips and panting heart, looking at him with dilated eyes.

"I love you, Eve!" he still cried. "May I hope?"

The eyes that looked at him were full of horror, and her hands flew up and covered her face.

"Oh, Hazel! Hazel! Hazel!" was her bitter cry.

"I do not care for her! I never did! I care only for you! Eve, listen to me!"

But Eve was gone. Back into the house she sought refuge in a remote and closely-curtained window, and crouched down, feeling as if her whole life had changed within the hour, as if the earth were reeling under her feet, and youth, and innocence, and happy girlhood gone like a dream.

Yes, Eve, the happy days of careless youth have gone forever; womanhood with its deeper joys and sorrows opens before you, and the Book of Life has turned over on a new page.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 257.)

The Dumb Page: OR, THE DOGE'S DAUGHTER.

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER,
AUTHOR OF "THE IRISH CAPTAIN," "THE RED RAJAH," "THE ROCK RIDER," "THE SEA CAT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII. THE FALSE PAGE.

THE last flush of evening was dying on the western skies around Venice, when Father Ambrose glided into the stately palace of Don Lorenzo Bellario, and threw back his cowl, with a gay laugh to his discreet porter. The latter was evidently accustomed to his patron's masquerading, for he displayed no surprise when the door pulled off the false beard, scalp and eye-patch, and stripped himself of the brown frock, discovering his ordinary clothes beneath it.

"Now give me my shoes, Giovanni," said the master, as he kicked off the clumsy sandals; and Don Lorenzo shook his black curls, and ascended the broad staircase to his rooms. His different servants came flocking to his footsteps, silent and obsequious, as they had been trained to be under his peculiar rule.

Don Lorenzo passed through the midst of them, with a sharp glance right and left.

"Where's Annetta?" he asked, quickly, as he noticed the absence of the dumb girl-page.

"She went out, not three hours after your worship," said the gray-bearded major-domo. "We thought that it was by your orders, and we did not dare to stop the signorina."

Don Lorenzo halted and frowned.

"Where is she now?" he asked. "Why did you not put a watch on her? Curses on your stupid heads!"

"My lord!" said the steward, aghast, "we had no orders!"

"My lord!" cried another servant, "here is the signorina, now."

Don Lorenzo's face cleared. He turned round, and the slender, fairy-like form of the girl-page was coming bounding up the stairs, as silently and swiftly as a shadow. The servants made way for her, bowing respectfully, and the girl ran to Don Lorenzo, and kissed his hand with a mute gesture of deprecation.

Don Lorenzo looked a little ill-tempered.

"You have been absent too long, Annetta," he said, sternly.

The page tossed her bright curls with a sudden saucy air, dropped the hand of Don Lorenzo, turned her back, and walked into the private rooms, where the don was proceeding, with a defiant swing.

All the servants fell back in pure astonishment. Such a thing from the usually quiet and gentle Annetta was unheard of. Don Lorenzo's black brows bent over his eyes, which seemed to scintillate fire, and he strode after her, slamming the door behind him.

As soon as he was gone, the servants exchanged grins.

"The signorina has taken a turn," said the old steward; "something has got into her since she has been out to-day. If she could only speak, you would hear a noise in there. She might scold rarely."

"It is time she did," added another. "The poor girl has been treated as a slave long enough, dressed up as a boy."

"Best not talk too much, Pedrillo," suggested the steward; "the master may cut the ears off thee, if he hears thee. He pays us well enough, and that's all we want. Let us hear, and see, and say nothing."

The servants dispersed to their posts. They did not try to peep through the key-hole. They knew by experience that it was dangerous to do so.

Meanwhile the little page tripped saucily on, through a suite of four rooms, one behind the other, till she arrived at a small but luxuriously-furnished cabinet, whence a deep oil window of stained glass looked down upon the Grand Canal.

Here she threw herself down upon a soft, luxurious couch, and quietly awaited the coming of Bellario.

He came soon enough, striding through room after room, and closing the doors violently. Each of them locked itself with a spring-catch as the don advanced, until he found himself in the cabinet, alone with the false page.

She lay back on the couch, her slight figure set off by the close-fitting doublet of violet velvet, slashed with cloth-of-gold, her delicate limbs and feet revealed by the tight silk hose of the same color, while her little hand abstractedly played with the tiny, gilt dagger that hung like a plaything from her girdle.

Don Lorenzo stopped as he closed the last door, and regarded the saucy page with a savage frown. His face looked perfectly devilish, handsome though it remained, as he displayed his white teeth, and hissed between them.

"So, my lady! you have been abroad, have you? And you have resolved to defy me, too—have you? Now let us see how long this will last. Do you know what I did to my last page, when she turned insolent like you? She thought that she had a protector in the Alcalde of Seville. Well, my lady, I put her in a sack, and I threw her in the river. I learned the trick of my old friends, the Turks. Do you want to follow her? Speak, then. I give you leave."

The page had kept her head bent during this speech, so that her face was hidden by the flowing curls. All of a sudden, she threw up her head, looked Don Lorenzo full in the face, and said:

"You dare not touch me."

What was it made Don Lorenzo start back at the tones of that voice, and peer so earnestly into the face of the girl-page?

"Annetta!" he exclaimed; "what is the matter? Is it? Who is it? You are not she—Who are you?"

The page leaped up from the couch with a laugh, sprung actively over it, so as to interpose it between her and Don Lorenzo, and drew the tiny dagger from its sheath.

"Before you say a word more," said she, rapidly, "let me warn you. Come not near me. This dagger is poisoned, with such a venom, that a scratch would lay you dead on this floor, in less than a minute."

Don Lorenzo, for the first time in his life perhaps, quailed.

"It is Julia," he faltered. "How came you here?"

"On my feet, my lord," replied Julia Dandolo, herself with her malicious laugh; "Annetta and I, as you see, are much alike as to face; and our sizes are identical. She is now playing the part of princess in the Dumb Page, Lorenzo?" she concluded, with an arch laugh, replacing the dagger in its sheath as she spoke.

"Admirably," he answered, but with an air of doubt and anxiety. "But tell me, Julia, how did you find out Annetta?"

"I could not tell you,

"No, by all the saints!" responded Don Lorenzo, fervently, and the glare of hatred in his eye confirmed his words. "If I told thee the truth about that, thou wouldst not ask me that question."

"Then tell me the truth," she said, coldly, withdrawing from him as she spoke; "we are near enough, my lord, to speak to each other. Keep your distance."

Something in her tone warned the Spaniard not to presume too much.

He took his seat in a chair, motioning to her to occupy the couch. She followed the motion, and asked:

"Well, my lord, what have you to say about your trip to the Adriatic, and your various adventures with the Countess Milleroni? What would you of her?"

"Vengeance!" answered Lorenzo, savagely, his eyes glowing. "She and her cursed Swiss lover together thwarted me and humiliated me, and vengeance on both will I have. I began with him. Oh, Julia! I made him suffer yesterday. I fought him and wounded him sorely. And then, in his full view, I made love to his mistress, as he lay wounded in a poor fishing-smack. The fool took it to heart so much that he fled from Venice. That's why I took my trip to the Adriatic."

"Well, sir, continued the girl, coldly, "and what about the lady? What do you intend to do about her?"

"To make her love me," said Bellario, coolly, "and then to break her heart, and torture it as I tortured his."

"A wise plot, truly; and what is to hinder thee from learning to love her?"

"Thou!" said Don Lorenzo, softly, kneeling at her feet; "thy love alone, which passes all woman's love, for thou, Julia, art the only woman that ever I loved or can love."

"You say, truly," she observed, with a strange look out of her blue eyes, "I am the only woman you shall ever love again; and you shall love me as you never yet loved any woman, false and cruel one."

He looked doubtfully at this fragile little being, who spoke so mysteriously. But the strange girl suddenly bent forward and placed both hands on his shoulders.

"Lorenzo Bellario," she said, "we two are bad. One as bad as the other. We should be true to one another. Can you be true to me, forever?"

And she looked as though she would read his soul with her keen glance. He faltered a moment before those eyes.

"Why not?" he asked, at last.

"Listen," she answered, solemnly, "as long as you are true to me, I am true to you. I loved you first, and I thought you loved me, and me only. But I have seen Annetta since, and she has told me who you are. I know then for the first time that you dared to approach me, Julia Dandolo, daughter of ten generations of princes, as a light of love. But it is, my lord, I forgive you the insolence, because I am a fool, for the love of your beautiful eyes. But be warned. Love me now, and love me wholly. Let not a thought of your heart go out toward another woman in Venice, or you will repent the moment before you are a day older. I know you, Don Lorenzo, thoroughly, and I hold you in the hollow of my hand. I love you very much, but I can hate you as you never were hated, if you make me jealous."

She looked into his eyes with such a deadly glitter in her own, that Don Lorenzo, bold as he generally was, shuddered slightly. This little, delicate, fair-haired girl, for one moment looked like a perfect fiend. The next she became the soft, melting angel, that twined her arms round his neck, and whispered:

"Dost thou love me, Lorenzo?"

He strained her to his breast, and pressed a fervent kiss on her lips. She returned the caress for a single instant, and then sprung away, laughing maliciously.

"And so Bonetta has left Venice, and the field is clear for Don Lorenzo to woo the beautiful countess?" she queried. "How his wooing would have sped if that naughty Julia had not come to spoil it! How my lord would have enjoyed the game, with his beautiful eyes languishing on the sweet countess, and—oh, I've a mind to kill you!"

She suddenly broke off, the very incarnation of jealous fury, her eyes darting flames of fire, the little dagger, so slight in appearance, so terrible in reality, convulsively clasped in her hand.

Don Lorenzo felt like a man with a dangerous serpent coiled in his room, which he dared not approach.

Then her mood changed again, and she laughed as she continued:

"And so poor Bonetta corresponded with the Turk? How strange that two captives of Venice should do the same thing—is it not, Lorenzo?"

The Spaniard turned pale from some hidden cause.

"What do you mean?" he faltered.

"Daoud Pasha writes a great many letters," was the enigmatical answer; "I once saw a commission, filled out by him in the name of one—"

The Spaniard made but one bound to the corner of the room, where a small iron door opened into the wall. It was standing ajar.

He flung it open, and revealed a small cupboard, perfectly empty and bare of anything. Then he turned round, ghastly pale, his eyes flaming like torches, and leaped upon the slender figure of the girl-page with a fierce:

"Where are they? Hell's malison on thee! Where are they?"

She sprung back and struck at him with the dagger, with flashing eyes and the fury of a wildcat, and the Spaniard again recoiled before her.

"How dare you?" she cried, her little figure stiffened and erect, with prescient weapon, the incarnation of angry repulsion—"how dare you speak to me like that?"

He suddenly altered his whole attitude, and sunk on his knees before her, with bowed head and clasped hands.

"Oh, Julia," he said, with beseeching eyes; "I yield to thee forever. Thou hast conquered me. Be merciful, for I am in thy power. Annetta has betrayed me."

She stood looking down at him, with heaving breast, for some minutes. Then she slowly sheathed her dagger.

"Don Lorenzo Bellario," she said, slowly; "you say true. Annetta has betrayed you. Women cannot be trusted on forever without turning at last. I have your papers safe. I promised Annetta to keep them for her safety. I know how long she would live, if you had her back here. Now open those doors, and mark my words. Let Annetta come to see me every day. Send her to me. I will see that you do not become too ardent in your pursuit of my excellent cousin, now that Bonetta is away. Poor Bonetta! How strange that she should correspond with Daoud Pasha, too!"

Don Lorenzo looked up at her. There seemed to be some hidden meaning in her words. But whatever it was, she did not explain herself.

"Open the door," she said, quietly; "you have angered me to-day, Don Lorenzo. See that you fail not at the window to-night. Then I shall know you are not with Estella."

"I will be there," he declared, humbly; "Ah, sweetest Julia! If I did not love thee so much, should I have let thee tyrannize over me as thou hast done?"

"And my stiletto," she said, sarcastically; "give it its due weight, signor."

Don Lorenzo was kneeling close beside her as she said this. With a sudden movement, which she could not arrest, he clutched her wrist with one hand, while he passed his arm around her and seized the other arm from behind, holding her powerless in his iron grip.

"Now, tigress," he said, with a grim smile, "will you betray me?"

She looked up at him, with the first natural look of love she had yet shown.

"Betray you, Lorenzo?" she said, softly; "I have saved you, foolish man!"

"What do you mean?" he asked, feeling her form quite limp in his arms, for she had ceased to struggle.

"That I have banished your foe," replied Julia. "You can have your revenge on Estella when you like. I will help you in it."

"Then what have you been doing all this time?" he asked, relaxing his grasp, in his astonishment.

"Fooling Don Lorenzo," she answered, suddenly springing away, and presenting her dagger, with a laugh.

Then, as suddenly, she sheathed it, and held out her hand, frankly.

"A truce, Lorenzo; we have played at cross purposes long enough. Thou lovest me, and I love thee. We both hate Estella, and we will have our revenge. Annetta shall take my place from time to time, and I will be thy page, for I am a fool and I love thy beautiful eyes, in spite of all I know of thee."

The strange, whimsical little creature threw her arms around him, and pressed her lips to those eyes she praised. Don Lorenzo looked at her with a long, yearning gaze, as he held her in his arms.

"Little witch!" he murmured, softly, with a sort of sigh; "thou hast done what no woman did before—made me love thee."

"I know it," she returned, with her peculiar searching look; "but, oh, we shall both torture each other, for thou hast done the same to me."

He could not understand her meaning, and said so.

"Oh! you will know some day," she declared, shaking her beautiful curls; "but I know who will pay for all our tortures."

"Who?" he demanded, puzzled.

"Estella," she answered, savagely. "Her heart shall bleed a drop for every pang she costs my darling and me."

She kissed him in a strange, fierce way, and then leaped back.

"Open the doors," she ordered; "I would go forth."

Without a word, he obeyed her commands as if she had been a queen; and she flitted down the steps of the palace, as rapidly as she had come. Don Lorenzo saw her jump into the gondola, write something on the tablet she wore at her girdle, show it to the gondoliers, and move off toward the Dandolo palace.

Full of conflicting thoughts, the Spaniard returned to his room, and shut himself in alone, till long after dark.

CHAPTER XIII.
COLA BOTTARMA'S PUPIL.

Six months have passed since the day on which Don Lorenzo Bellario fought his duel on the Island of San Antonio, and since the disappearance of poor Captain Bonetta under attain of treason to the Venetian Republic.

During these six months the stranger, who went by the curious name of the "Slave of Love" in the city of Florence, had mended apace. He was a docile patient, with the constitution of a horse, and his wound closed up inside of six weeks from his arrival at the house of Bottarma brothers.

From the day Giuseppe Bottarma pronounced his wounds healed, the stranger devoted himself with all his energy to obey the instruction of 'Cola the athlete. 'Cola Bottarma was the father of the science of fencing, the first man who showed Europe that shields might be dispensed with, and the sword be made a shield. He was also the inventor of "training" or rather his revolver, since the times of the gladiators.

He found in the stranger a docile pupil, so many times, and carry little weights about, increasing daily, before he was allowed to touch a foil. He kept this huge skeleton close down to a limited diet of meat, with vinegar and water for his drink, eradicating the natural tendency of his frame to put on flesh, and hardening his muscles by the constant exercise he imposed.

Then he began to teach him to fence, beginning with the simplest thrusts and parries, till all the mysteries of *stoccada*, *imbrogliata*, *riposta*, etc., were gradually unfolded to him.

Day by day, the gaunt, weak skeleton, so slow in his movements, so languid from wounds, gathered his strength and progressed.

Two months from his arrival, he would exercise an hour at a time at light work.

In three months he was thrusting at a mark for dear life.

In four months he was fencing every day with 'Cola Bottarma, receiving many an unmerciful rap with the button of the foil.

In five months it took all 'Cola knew to hit him, after a long rally.

In the sixth month he began to pass his master, and to hit him repeatedly, from his great advantage in height and reach.

At last, one morning, the fencing-master, after a long bout, during which the other gave him two to one in hits, threw down his foil.

"Amore," he said, calling the other by the only name he knew him by; "do you remember what you asked me to do for you once?"

"To teach me to beat you," replied Schiavo d'Amore; "but I cannot do it yet. You let me hit you."

"You are wrong," protested the fencing-master; "you have learned more than you know. You had light and strength before, but you were slow. Now you are as tough as steel, and as quick as a cat, while you have lost no strength, but rather gained it. And you are the only man in Italy that can beat 'Cola Bottarma."

The stranger threw away his foil, and hugged the master in his arms.

"Now blessings on thy head, 'Cola," he cried; "thou hast given me new life, ay, more than that. Thou hast given me vengeance on the only man in the world I hate, Don Lorenzo Bellario!"

"Bellario?" repeated Bottarma, curiously; "what has he done to thee?"

"He called me out on a trifle," answered the other, "and wounded me sorely. Well, that

I could have forgiven. But after that he took advantage of my being away to steal my mistress from me, and flaunt his conquest in my face. Till then I was kind and good-natured to all the world. But as I fell back in the boat, and saw her I loved float by, singing gaily, in his arms, then I swore to punish that man for all his crimes to me and others, if it pleased God to let Antonio Bonetta live."

"Antonio Bonetta?" repeated Bottarma, eagerly; "is that your name?"

"Ay," said Bonetta, for it was he; "and what of it?"

"Only this," said the fencing-master, dryly; "the hue and cry is out after thee, and a price is on thy head in Venice."

"For what?" asked Bonetta, surprised in turn.

"For treason, and correspondence with the Turk," said Bottarma; "had I known it was thee, I should have told thee long ago."

"It is a lie, a base, cowardly lie!" cried Bonetta, red with passion; "it comes from his hand, and to his heart will I pin the calumny when I get back."

"Be cautious," enjoined Bottarma, smiling. "What, pupil! Can you keep your coolness in the swiftest rally, and lose temper at a lie? I heard the whole story from a Venetian pupil of mine, who has just arrived. One Count Lulli. It seems that the accusation against thee was put in the lion's mouth."

"Bellario, for a thousand!" cried the Swiss. "Ay, but worse remains," persisted the fencing-master. "In thy pillow was found a letter from the Grand Turk, offering money to betray the Venetian fleet."

Bonetta was silent now for a minute.

"You are right, 'Cola," he said; "I must keep cool. I have a wary adversary. He must have put it there, with other proofs perhaps. I will be cautious. But to Venice I must go now, and hunt out this conspiracy, ay, if I have to tear it from Bellario's heart."

"Good luck to thee, my pupil," said the fencer, proudly; "of one thing thou art sure, that thy hand can keep thee now against any man in Italy."

"And it shall!" added the Swiss, solemnly. "For here I swear never to give up the pursuit till I have exposed the wiles of the villain! Bellario, righted, my fair fame, and met him, hit to hit, in mortal combat."

And he looked capable of different things now, from the day when he left Venice.

His form, while less stout and imposing, was full of a tough sinewy strength that was far more formidable. Without an ounce of superfluous flesh on his bones, his face was so much altered from its thin outlines, and the long hair and beard, as to be quite unrecognizable.

Bonetta was a different man from the silent good-natured giant of the Swiss Guard. He had become a trained athlete, with his strength redoubled by the keen desire of vengeance.

Don Lorenzo Bellario may well look to him self when he comes after him.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 260.)

Old Bull's-Eye,
THE LIGHTNING SHOT OF THE PLAINS.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.
CHAPTER XX.
FACE TO FACE.

OLD BULL'S-EYE was not mistaken when he pointed out the track of the horse ridden by his old friend, Murph. Toole. The party that had passed by was indeed Dugrand's Man-hunters.

Almost immediately after the avenger fired the shot that forever ended the earthly trail of Red Jack Hawk, one of the men gave warning of the burning prairie. It was just possible that the green timber of the grove might resist the fire, but the borderers resolved not to risk that, when the matter could be so simply arranged, and the word was given to kindle fires all around the *motte*. This simple expedient proved sufficient, and the danger swept past them.

While waiting for the heated ground to cool off sufficiently, Dugrand closely questioned the captive outlaw, Dick Croghan, who declared that he could lead the party direct to the Cayuga town, and would do so if his life was promised him. Convinced that the man was honest in his offer, Dugrand gladly assented, and less than half an hour later the party were riding briskly over the blackened plain, for the rain had commenced to fall, quickly extinguishing the glowing roots of the weeds and grass.

It was a forced march, but there was need of speed. Until the burnt region was passed no water could be found, while all game had either perished or been driven before the sea of fire. So, with scarce a pause, they pressed on during the remainder of that night, and after a few minutes' breathing spell for the animals, in the morning, maintained the same steady gait until nearly noon, when they reached the baranca that had served the Cayugas so poorly for shelter. Rounding this they kept on, and soon after found a trail.

"It's all that's left of 'em, boss," said Croghan, after closely examining the different footprints. "They must 'a' tucked to the hole back yonder fer kiver, an' hed a beastly time of it, what w' the mad critters a-stampedin' an' the fire. You see they're all about—twenty-one on 'em, besides this track. It was made by a white woman, as you kin see."

Dugrand's face was pale and stern-set as he gave the word to press forward. Red Hawk had told him that both his wife and daughter were with the Cayugas, yet only one woman had passed by here. Which was it? which had fallen? Truly his feelings were not the most enviable.

They had covered but a few miles after striking the trail, when they came upon a spot where it was evident that the party they were pursuing had made quite a halt; on every side were prints of their bodies in the black ashes.

"The varmints must 'a' bin clean tuckered out, from the looks," quoted Murph. Toole. "Reckon they didn't like the idee o' stayin' longer at the ditch, back yender, whar they must 'a' hed a beastly time, an' struck out fer home, but hed to stop hyar fer rest, layin' down in the muck like a sick hog."

The old trapper was right in his guess. The Cayugas had traveled this far, when their strength gave out and they were forced to rest for several hours. The fiery ordeal they had undergone had nearly killed them.

"A regular goose trail!" chuckled the trapper, as he rode beside Dugrand. "Jes' look how the varmints waddled along—like a herd o' Plute squaws ram-jammed full o' tangle-foot or Taos Valley lightning! We'll hev 'a' easy job a-knockin' 'em on the head, unless they make thar village fust."

"That hain't fur away," said Croghan, dropping back beside them. "You see them hill-pints, straight ahead! Look like little sand-hills, from hyar. That's whar the varmints hang out, an' a nasty place it ar, too."

"We're the boys as kin take it, ef so the cap'n tells us."

They rode on briskly, now that the end seemed so near, fearing that their game would yet succeed in slipping into its hole. The blackened prairie suddenly ended. They had reached the edge of the sand desert, where there was not grass enough to support a fire. The ground, too, from being an almost dead level, was now slightly undulating, the long, low sand-ridges strongly resembling the swell of the ocean, in all save color.

"Hat what is that—on the ridge, out yonder? Quick, Toole, your eyes are sharpest!" suddenly cried Dugrand, pointing ahead.

"It's the varmints—whoo-oo!" yelled Toole, exultantly.

The order to charge was unneeded. The Man-hunters saw their game—the enemy they had ridden so hard to overtake, and with one accord they plunged spurred rowel deep into the damp flanks of their jaded animals and dashed forward at top speed, yelling and hooting like demons.

That the Cayugas had observed their pursuers was quite evident. They were running toward the distant hills with all the speed they could command, urging on the three captives in their midst. The Cayugas were "horse-Indians," and like the Comanches and those of the Apaches who inhabit the deserts, miserable pedestrians, unlike their brethren who live in the mountains, and can fairly run down the wild horse. There could be but one ending to the race, and this Shkote-nah, the giant chief knew as well as did the exultant Man hunters. But he was no coward. If worn by an enemy, his scalp must first be won.

"Look at 'em—the blamed fools mean fight!" cried Murph. Toole, derisively. "Bully fer them—they'll be more fun."

The Indians had checked their flight, and now stood upon the top of a higher and steeper sand-hill than usual. The three captives were now plainly visible, being held before the Cayugas. Then—a cry of horror broke from Dugrand's livid lips. He saw the captive stricken down—saw them scalped! And as the mutilated bodies were hurled down the slope, the Cayugas brandished their weapons, flaunted aloft the gory trophies and yelled loudly in defiance.

"On! kill them—don't let one of the murderous dogs escape!" cried Dugrand, hoarsely, as he urged his panting horse forward, plying the cruel spurs until the blood dripped from their long rowels.

On, on, until the foot of the sand-hill was reached, still on, though the horses, sinking fetlock deep in the loose sand, stumbled and fell to their knees more than once. Then, impatient at the slow progress, Dugrand sprang from the saddle, followed by his men, and charged on foot.

The rifles and pistols began to speak rapidly, and the Cayugas melted away before the hail-storm of death, plying their bows to the last. Shkote-nah, the giant, bent his buffalo-horn bow nearly double, and sent the sharp, flint-headed arrow through and through the ex. Red Hawk, Dick Croghan, who dropped to the blood-stained sands without a groan. In swift succession the feathered deaths flew, and four of the assailants fell dead before a bullet brought the death-yell to the huge chief's lips. Defiant to the last, he struck fiercely at Toole with his stone hatchet, as the borderer bent over him to lift his scalp. But the old trapper nimbly eluded the stroke, and burying his long knife in the swelling chest, muttered:

"Durn sech a critter—takes more killin' than a polecat!"

Within five minutes from the firing of the first shot, all was over, the last Cayuga cut down. Yet, despite their poor weapons, the cannibals had not died unavenged. Nine of the Man-hunters had taken up the last trail while nearly a dozen others were wincing with pain as their comrades cut the arrows out of their persons.

When there were no more enemies upon whom he could wreak his vengeance, Walter Dugrand descended the hill to where the captives, who had been butchered before his very eyes, lay weltering in their gore. Chiquita lay upon her face. Gently turning her over, and composing her limbs, Dugrand gazed long and earnestly into the worn and haggard face.

Though prepared for a great change, this was even more than he had expected. Could this old and worn face be the remains of the sweet, dimpled, childish face that he had loved so well? It did not seem possible.

"A sorry sight, cap'n," said a low voice, and turning, he saw Murph. Toole standing beside him. "Though I don't reckon thar's much use a-tryin', mebbe we'd better see ef we can't bring her to. They've skelped her, but it don't look like she was much hurt otherwise—the skull hain't broke, es I kin see," he added, kneeling beside the body.

"If she could only speak—just one word, to solve this horrible doubt!" muttered Dugrand, agitatedly.

"Well, see—thar's no harm a-tryin', anyhow."

Toole gently lifted the woman's head and rested it upon his knee, and producing a flask of whisky, bade Dugrand use it. The stout man's hands trembled like those of a confirmed invalid, but he obeyed, bathing Chiquita's face with the liquor, and forcing a few drops down her throat. For a time it seemed labor spent in vain, but Toole would not despair, and his perseverance was rewarded by a faint, convulsive heaving of the woman's bosom.

"Give her some more o' the juice, cap'n," he eagerly muttered. "It'd fetch life back to a stone, it alone a human."

Forcing open the tightly-clenched teeth, Dugrand poured a little of the fiery liquid out of the flask, and Chiquita struggled and coughed feebly as it passed down her throat. And then her eyes opened, filled with a look of horror, that gradually vanished as she evidently recognized the face of a white man.

"You—you are not my Marie!" faltered Dugrand, striving in vain to subdue the emotion that almost overpowered him. "Tell me—who are you?" he added, as the woman tried to arise.

"I am Chiquita—I don't know you—nor any Marie," was the slow reply, as the woman gazed steadily into his face.

"Try to think—are you not Marie Dugrand—didn't Jack Hawk steal you away from your husband?"

"Twas Antone Barillo—the coward—the traitor!" cried Chiquita, fiercely, rising to a sitting posture.

"Hurrah! thar comes Old Bull's-Eye!" cried Murph. Toole, as, thus relieved, he sprang to his feet as a horseman came dashing up. "Jest in time to be too late, old man!"

"She's not dead—don't tell me that!" hoarsely replied the scout, as he leaped from Snow-squall's back and strode toward the little group, his face pale as a ghost's.

"Ge-thunder! him, too—wonder how many more fellers is goin' crazy over the woman! A humbly old witch, too," disgustedly uttered the veteran, renewing his guid.

A sharp cry caused him to turn abruptly. Chiquita had covered her face with her hands and seemed covering before the scout, who stood as if transfixed. But then the woman removed her hands and raised her head, an evil light filling her eyes. She seemed to have forgotten her wounds. The vague expression of pain and terror had left her face.

"You are Dolores Vermillye—my wife," at length uttered Old Bull's-Eye, his voice sounding strained and unnatural.

"I was, once; though if I did not know that I am dying, I'd deny it," coldly replied the woman. "I only regret that I cannot see you die first. I have ever hated you, but never more than at this moment!"

"Dolores, where is my child—my little daughter?"

"Dead—dead! The cannibals killed and ate her—ha! ha!" and laughing wildly, the woman sunk back, as if dead.

Dugrand used the whisky-flask freely, but his efforts were in vain for some time. Old Bull's-Eye turned sadly to greet Carmela and Anita, who had just arrived riding double, when a sharp cry from the lips of Chiquita startled them. She was sitting up, her face horribly distorted, her eyes widely distended.

"Carmela—Abel, husband—forgive! She is your child—Carmela, come—Ah—Heaven have mercy!"

Her head sunk back. She was dead.
(To be continued—commenced in No. 255.)

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.

Obstructions of nasal passages, discharge falling into throat; sometimes profuse, watery, acrid, or thick and tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, putrid, offensive, etc. In others a dryness, weak or inflamed eyes, ringing in ears, deafness, ulcerations, scabs from ulcers, voice altered, nasal twang, offensive breath, impaired smell and taste, etc. Few only of above symptoms likely to be present in any case at one time.

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MY FIRST DANCE.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

How grand I went upon the floor,
The ball-room floor at Heaton's!
Arrayed in my first long-tailed coat
And other go-to-meet's.
My partner stood beside me there
With sweetest of sweet faces;
I thought the caller hit it right
When he said, "In your places."
I bowed and bumped my partner's head
When "Honors all" was spoken,
And much bowed down I felt, indeed,
Too much bowed down I felt.
I "Balanced to my partner" with
The greatest hesitation,
And treading on her dainty toes
She screamed in aggravation.
At "Right and left" I went both ways;
So greatly did I rue it
I wished the floor-cracks wider yet,
So I could drop down through it.
I "Swung my partner" with such force,
Oh, shadow of perdition!
That she whirled seven times around,
And shattered the partition.
I "Balanced to the next," and oh!
I lost my balance badly,
And came full length upon the floor,
From which I got up madly.
"Promenade all," and here I trod
Upon a trail and tore it!
And cutting were the words with which
The owner did deplore it.
I thought that dancing was a forte
I stood small chance to win on;
In the next movement I deprived
My partner of her chignon.
I deemed such pleasure was a fraud,
A very great delusion,
For at each change I somehow put
The dances in confusion.
"First couple forward there, and back!"
Alas for such a calling!
I backed against a man and sent
Him on the floor sprawling.
And in the scene succeeding this
Somebody clutched my coat-tails,
And in the twink of an eye
My coat was on the floor.
And so the woful dance went on;
I thought I'd ne'er get through it;
My partner trod upon my horns
On purpose, and I knew it.
How blessed the order, "To your seats!"
And there we went a-caperin'
And then to crown the aggravation and hu-
miliation of the moment in my haste I
sat down
Upon my partner's apron.

The Snow Hunters:
OR,
WINTER IN THE WOODS.

VII.—The Moose "Ravage."

For two days after the storm the party went but a little distance from the cabin, spending their time in hunting the rabbit, partridge, and the snowy owl, and in fishing through the ice. The high wind had cleared the ice of snow, and its surface was as bright and sparkling as ever. One day Indian Alf borrowed snow-shoes from Dave, and went out across the snow. Mr. Tracey said that he would never come back, but the guide shook his head.

"Et the boy ain't killed he'll come back, Mr. Tracey. You must I am one thing about an Injun: when he's got a good thing he'll try to keep it. He stuck to Bill Becker 'cause he was the best partner he c'd get, but he ain't fool enough to put Becker 'longside o' me, Alf ain't. He's got hopes that, if he behaves himself, I'll take him fur a pardner, an' so I will fur he's a born son uv the forest an' knows his little biz on a raft, Alf does."

The guide was right. When the day was nearly spent, Alf came flying back across the snow, at a rapid pace, bearing upon his shoulder a string of beautiful partridge, which he threw down before the fire.

"Any noos, Alf?" demanded Dave, quietly.
"Big heap noos!" answered the Indian, in a hurried tone. "All's time big heap moose in a ravage. Me see 'um. All yite, you bet ye; I say so!"

A "ravage!"
Not many of my readers, perhaps, but have heard something of the peculiar habits of the giant denizen of the Northern woods and forest—the moose. In passing through the forest in winter, the hunter will come upon a sort of circular pen where the snow stands in a bank around a piece of ground from which the snow has disappeared, and the grass beneath is cropped short by some animals. It is a moose ravage, where the herd have trampled down the snow and then rooted it aside, to get at the grass beneath. The place generally is some sheltered valley, where the grass has grown rank during the summer months, for the moose seems to remember his best stamping ground during the summer season, and to return to it in winter. Alf, in his tramp through the woods, had accidentally "lighted" upon such a place, and had returned to tell his new friends of the sport before them.

Dave Blodgett started to his feet, all the old hunter's ardor aroused by the thought of what was before him. The blood tingled in his veins as he recalled old-time struggles with the giant of the woods—the moose.

"Yah, hip!" he yelled. "Alf, I'm yer friend fur life. A moose ravage! What is it—what is it? Why don't we git fur it now?"

"Stop little, Dave!" rejoined the Indian; "good ways to ravage, you bet ye. Mornin' we go. To-day we no go."

"I ain't wait," muttered Dave. "War they big fellers, Alf—lots of old buck moose, with horns like fan coral an' feet like gun-boats!"

"Big heap moose, you much bet!" was the reply. "Me see 'um, roat round like pig. Little papoose moose, squaw moose—all's same—mighty big heap me catch."

Dave was on needles all that night, and at early morning the party, equipped with snow-shoes, took their way across the snow, guided by Alf.

If you have never seen a snow-shoe, imagine an oval frame-work, from thirty-five to forty inches in length, by eighteen broad near the center, with a couple of transverse bars to add strength to the frame, which is of the lightest and toughest wood, generally ash. The whole is covered with a network of moose or caribou skin, cut into fine strips and so interlaced as to prevent the feet from sinking into the softest snow. When not in use, the shoes are slung upon the neck, and from their extreme lightness, incommode the wearer but little.

To the uninitiated, snow-shoeing is slow and clumsy work. But Dave Blodgett had taken the opportunity, in these stormy days, to teach his party their use. And now, if not adepts in the exercise, every one could use them handily, and they moved over the snow at a rapid pace, with Alf in advance. The Indian felt his importance, for was not even old Dave under his rule for the present?

"The durned Injun feels his oats," muttered Dave, in an aggrieved tone; "but I forgive him on account of the ravage. How fur is it, Alf?"

"Two hours."
"Fur from the lake?"
"Half mile."

Dave was dragging one of the sleds after

him, for they calculated on bringing home heavy game. For two hours they went on over the snow until Alf halted and held up his hand.

"Moose thar!" he whispered. "You be boss now, Dave."

Dave held up his hand to get the direction of the wind, which was very light.

"Whar is the gate, Alf?"
"This side," replied Alf.

"We've got the wind in our favor. I don't reckon they kin git over the drift, Alf!"

The Indian shook his head.
"Now you take yourself round to t'other side of the yard, an' when you hear the 'coon holler three times, you show yerself on the bank. We'll be ready by that time at the gate," said Dave, again addressing the Indian.

Alf disappeared rapidly, and the party approached the opening called "the gate," which always breaks the bank of the yard.

Soon they came to a hard-beaten track, ten feet wide, the path of the moose in leaving the ravage. Peeping through the trees over the edge of a huge drift, at least ten feet high, the hunters saw a sight which filled them with wonder.

It was a circle of perhaps ten acres, which had grown up with small trees—the maple, mountain ash and buttonwood, for the most part.

These trees were stripped of bark, small branches and leaves, in a manner all most beyond belief. Even the larger trees were denuded of their bark in the same manner.

A few solitary spruce, scattered here and there, had alone escaped the hunger of the moose, who seem to be averse to the taste of the spruce.

But the objects upon which their eyes rested with the greatest delight were a group of nearly fifty moose, congregated at the upper end of the ravage, where they were feeding. Some were stripping the bark and leaves from the trees; others were forcing aside the snow with the muzzle and forefoot to find the grass below; while others, fully satisfied, were lying at their ease upon the snow, unthinking of danger.

All about the circle of the ravage the snow was dotted with the marks of wolf-tracks, for these cowardly, gaunt wretches prowled about the moose-yard, night after night, howling with impotent fury, but dare not attack the moose in his home, or even cross the yard.

At the sight of this noble game the younger members of the party could hardly suppress cries of joy. But there was "no time for foolishness," Dave said, and he stationed them upon the edge of the track through which the moose must pass to get out into the open country.

The spare guns were laid beside them, and Dave, raising his hand to his lips, uttered the note of the "coon" with such startling distinctness and truth that Harry and Rufe looked up into the trees overhead to see where the 'coon was perched. At the same moment Alf sprang out upon the snowy rampart and dropped one of the fattest of the herd by a well-directed bullet.

A wild scene of confusion ensued as the startled herd, heedless of every obstruction which might bar the way, rushed down upon the leveled rifles of the hunters. That shuffling, deceptive, awkward trot carries the moose over the ground much more rapidly than one would suppose. With the head thrown back until the palmed horns almost rested upon the shoulder, they came down upon the track out of the ravage. Crack! The foremost plunged forward and lay dead upon the snow, for the unerring eye of Dave Blodgett was looking through the sights. The shot did not turn them, for they were wild with terror. Dave had time to load and fire again before they could crowd through the narrow passageway. Again and again the double-barreled rifles cracked, while the wild shouts of the hunters struck terror to the hearts of the fated game. A moment more and the herd are away across the snow, leaving four dead in the narrow way. But following on the traces of the herd came the hunters, loading as they ran. Each man selected an animal and was away in pursuit, and Alf could hear the shouts die away in the distance.

"Big heap fun!" muttered the Indian. "Bill Becker—(adjective)—fool! Me stay here all 'e time, you much bet!"

And he began to butcher the moose left in his care, awaiting the return of the party. They came in, one by one, tired out. Jack alone was nowhere in sight. They shouted, and the icy forest only echoed back the sound

A Man's Revenge.

BY ABIE CLEMENS MORROW.

THE draw-bridge on Preston street was slowly closing. Vincent Wilde, hurriedly attempting to spring upon it, slipped and was precipitated into the river. After a while, when they brought him up—pale, dripping and unconscious—a woman who had witnessed the accident requested, if none of the company knew where the young man lived, that he be conveyed to her residence, some two blocks away.

Leola Linton opened the door for her aunt and the strange procession which followed. Thus she looked for the first time upon the pale, handsome face of the man whose future was to become closely entwined with hers. When, a little later, he opened his eyes and encountered hers—wistful, sympathetic, thankful—there commenced an acquaintance which blossomed into friendship, and ripened into that warmer passion which comes, sometimes a blessing, sometimes a curse, to the sons and daughters of men.

These two, in three brief weeks, were lovers. What need to tell of soul-thrilling glances, passionate avowals, sweet, stolen kisses? They were not chronicled deep in the heart and memory of all who have ever been blissfully intoxicated by the delicious thrall of the goddess of love!

The morning came when Vincent Wilde must leave Leola and the friends who had been so kind to him, for his home in the distant West. He was to return in a year and claim Leola for his wife.

But long before the year was ended, she was wedded to another.

It was the old story of a child sacrificed to save a father from financial difficulty and disgrace.

Leola had been early orphaned, and Mrs. Quillion, a widowed sister of her mother's, had taken the charge of her, and the tasteful, stately home.

Among the relatives of Mrs. Quillion, and frequent visitors at the Linton mansion, were a brother-in-law, Mr. Walter B. Platt, senior, and his son Walter—named for him.

Leola and young Walter had been warm friends from childhood; but she utterly disliked the father.

It had been a favorite scheme of Mrs. Quillion's to unite in marriage the two children she

idolized—her niece Leola and her nephew Walter.

Two months after Mr. Wilde's departure Mrs. Quillion died suddenly, and when her will was opened, a clause in it read thus:

"I do hereby bequeath my personal property, my jewels, and the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to my niece, Leola Linton, on condition that she be joined in the bonds of holy matrimony with Walter B. Platt. If she fail to comply with my request, said personal property and jewels shall be given to my niece, Annie S. Platt, and said money shall be donated to certain charitable institutions herein designated."

"Leola, darling," Walter said, coming over to her side, and encircling her with his arm, as the rest left the library; "you do not believe I wish to marry you on account of the money? You know that I love you, that I have idolized you always!"

"Hush, Walter," she answered, gently, a wistful, yearning, beseeching tenderness in her voice. "I cannot be your wife. I am engaged to Mr. Wilde."

"To him whom you knew so little time. Oh, Leola, if you had not met him, you would have married me!"

"I do not know," she replied.
"Leola, darling, I cannot give you up! He does not love you as I do! Your aunt willed it! I will never touch a cent of—"

"Walter," she interrupted, with infinite sorrow and reproach in her tone, "would you bid me be false to the truth, to my own soul?"

Then he left her. She did not marry him. A far sadder fate awaited her!

Her aunt intended her to marry the younger Walter B. Platt, but, through a clerical error in the will—an omission of the lawyer to place the bride belonged to the elder Mr. Platt, and he was slow in observing his advantage and following it.

Leola's father would never have willingly yielded his daughter to the elder Walter Platt, for he loved her. But he was an enervated, selfish man, and in great financial trouble. Mr. Platt had indorsed and redeemed notes for him, and was his partner in several speculative ventures. He could not afford to offend him, and so all Leola's protestations, tears and entreaties were powerless to prevent her becoming the wife of a man she loathed.

She wrote a tender, touching, farewell letter to her lover, and quietly, hopelessly resigned herself to the position of the old man's wife.

She busied herself, during her husband's absence, with the superintendence of the grand old house of which she was mistress, and with her books, which were a passionate delight.

Afterward, when a more terrible sorrow utterly crushed her, she reverted to those days holding much of quiet content.

Several months had drifted away. She was spending the day at her father's. All alone, she sat musing in the little vine-sheltered arbor, when a shadow darkened the archway, and Vincent stood with arms outstretched toward her. She gave a quick, glad cry and then stood shy, sad, silent.

"Is this all the welcome my little girl has to give me, when I have traveled such a distance to see her? Have you been ill? Why haven't you written me?"

"Oh, Vincent! don't you know! haven't you heard? didn't you get my letter?"

"Heard what? I have had no word from you in months. I could not bear it! What is it, darling? Do not be afraid to tell me; nothing can change my love for you!"

A spasm of intense pain convulsed her white face, she turned from the proffered caress and said:

"Vincent! Vincent! If you had only been here! I am married!"

Then she told him all.

The golden afternoon drifted away. The twilight came. These two must part. Vincent rose to leave her, taking her two small white hands in his.

"Leola, it was a bitter, cruel wrong. We are both young. It can not last forever. You may be free sometime; I shall wait for you! Kiss me just once in memory of the days that have been."

She lifted her sweet, scarlet, quivering lips and her lover pressed his to them.

A fatal kiss, whose price was years of saddest suffering!

For, as the two stood in a last embrace, a step sounded upon the gravel without, and Leola's husband—angry, furious—confronted them.

"You bound! you rascal! how dare you meet and caress my wife!" he shouted, and in his wrath he caught Vincent by the shoulder and hurled him with violence out upon the gravel walk.

Vincent Wilde recovered his position and stood with folded arms looking unflinchingly upon his successful, angry rival, as he answered him, coldly and fearlessly:

"I was engaged to Leola. You stole her from me. Before God you have no claim to her! If there be justice in heaven your sin shall be punished!" Then he went away, leaving her to the mercies of the monster who called her wife, with not the faintest conception of the diabolical revenge this mean, tyrannical man was capable of working out for them.

Mr. Platt turned and said to Leola, fiercely, as he went with her in to dinner:

"The day shall come when you will rue this."

He made the next few weeks a perfect torture to her.

One morning he informed her that he was intending to join his son Walter in Germany—whither he had gone to acquire perfection in the languages before entering mercantile life. He would be absent some three months. She, and his daughter, Annie, might occupy their time during his absence at home or at any watering-place they choose to select.

Some five weeks after the departure of Leola's husband, her father handed her a paper, containing the following paragraph:

"Mr. Walter B. Platt, sen., a well known merchant of this city, was drowned on the 15th of July while on his way to Europe to visit his son. He leaves a young wife and a large circle of acquaintances to mourn his loss."

Leola's feeling was one of intense relief. She could not mourn for the man who had brought her only regret, though she put on the outward symbol.

In his will he bestowed all his property upon Annie and Walter, except the homestead. That he gave to Leola, requesting her to live there after his decease.

When Leola Platt's year of widowhood expired she became the bride of Vincent Wilde. The honeymoon was spent in a delightful tour—where all American brides choose to go—through Philadelphia, Washington and Niagara.

It was a cool evening early in October. A grate fire had been lighted in the cosy library. Vincent had returned from an exciting, wearisome day in Wall street, and was comfortably reposing upon the lounge. Leola, in a small rocker beside him, held his hand in a close, loving clasp, and toyed gently with the brown lock which obstinately inclined toward his forehead. They were breathing those sweet sen-

timentalisms peculiar to honeymoons, and building such bright, beautiful, aerial castles for the future!

Is sorrow always nearest when our cup of happiness is fullest?

Their first consciousness of other presence was a cold, satirical laugh—and the words:

"So this is the way you occupy your time during my absence. You thought I was dead! Ha! ha! a capital joke! isn't it?"

They both started to their feet.

Leola's face grew deathly, as one robbed for the grave, but she neither screamed, nor fainted, nor went mad.

She placed her hand on Vincent's arm, and in her innocence and ignorance, said:

"Before God and the angels I belong to Vincent! You shall not take me from him!"

The fiend answered her:

"Before the law and the court you are my wife. Think not, pretty bird, I shall let you out of your cage!"

Vincent stepped toward him with uplifted hand!

"You lie!—Oh! my God!"

Then sound, and sight, and strength failed him, and he fell fainting at his persecutor's feet.

"Oh! God! you have killed him!"

An exultant gleam gathered in Mr. Platt's dark, fiendish eyes.

"Not he is not dead, that would be too good for him! I choose that he shall live to suffer!"

Nothing could have been more favorable to Mr. Platt's pre-arranged plans than the death-like swoon of his victim.

Leola knelt by Vincent and looked up to her husband's face with a wild, beseeching appeal in her sad eyes.

But Mr. Platt rudely, relentlessly pushed her aside, and, ringing a bell for assistance, conveyed him to a waiting carriage, that bore him to a distant lunatic asylum.

Leola's husband confined her in a room closely barred, and informed his friends and hers that she was mad. The infinite misery of the next years of her life not the pen of a ready writer could picture. I think she would have died but for the tender, kindly ministrations of her step-daughter Annie.

Close confinement, brutal treatment, the terrible uncertainty concerning the fate of the man she worshipped, were breaking her heart and wrecking her life.

And this man—of whose descent a more beastly ancestor than the ancient one Darwin claims for us would have been wholly ashamed—Quill-like, gloated over the vengeance his hand wrought.

But justice does not always tarry, and one midnight, without warning, the God Shatanos summoned him to his judgment seat.

Leola was free!

But the one without whose presence life was worthless to her lay dying in an insane asylum!

Leola went to the asylum, and, introduced to the physician, found him a friend of her childhood. He listened to her strange, unnatural, terrible tale and, obtaining for her permission to watch with her husband, led her to his couch.

Vincent lay—pale, emaciated, a wreck of his former self—raving of her in his delirium. She tenderly touched his heated brow, and her voice, as she addressed him, had all its old, tender sweetness:

"Vincent! Vincent! I am here! free! your own little wife! Nothing shall part us now!"

Her words pierced the delirious mists of his wandering brain. His wild eyes met the serene, loving look in hers, and, magnetized by the gentle gaze, grew quiet, restful. Her light touch on his fevered brow tranquilized him, as all the physician's art was powerless to do.

He knew her voice. The ghastly wildness faded from his eyes. The fearful terror left his pale face. He came back to her from the borders of the dark river.

There remains little else to tell.

Half a score of years have passed lightly over their heads since reunited they left the land of their sorrow, and sought a home where no things to sight familiar could touch memory's chord to bitterness.

In mutual, tender devotion to each other, the idolatrous love of beautiful children, the peace of God which passeth all understanding, they have their recompense for the years that were lost.

Peace.

BY EBBE E. REXFORD.

ALICE HEATH stood beside the window and looked out. The trees were radiant in robes of frost like airy, marvelous lacework. The sky was without a cloud, and over everything there was sunshine, golden and warm.

But to her the day seemed full of gloom. A shadow hid the sunshine. She wondered if the sun would ever shine for her again as it had done before the shadow came.

There was a swift patter of little feet in the hall, and little hands fumbled at the fastening of the door. Presently the knob turned and a child came into the room—a child whose face was like a flower, so pure, so fair and frail it was.

"Oh, mamma!" she cried, running up to Alice, and seizing her hand in an eager, excited way, "did you know that papa was going away?"

"Yes, I knew it," Alice answered, slowly, without looking at the child's griefed face.

"And oh, mamma! he don't know when he will come back. Never, maybe!" and the pansy eyes ran over with tears. "Don't let him go away, mamma!"

"I have no power to keep him here," Alice Heath answered, bitterly.

There were steps in the hall, and a man's face looked in at the open door.

"I am going now," he said, simply. "I have come to say good-by, Alice."

She turned away from the window, cold and calm and proud, and held out her hand.

"Good-by, and I hope you will be happy."

"Happy!" He repeated the word with a world of bitterness in his tone. "I never expect to be happy again."

He held her hand a moment, with grief and pain working in his face. He searched the woman's face closely to see if there was the least sign of relenting from her icy pride. She was like a woman of stone.

He dropped her hand and stooped down to where his child was sobbing out her grief.

"My darling, my little Peace!" he cried, and caught her in his arms, his face wet with tears.

"Oh, papa, don't go!" she sobbed, putting her little arms about his neck. "Peace loves you so. Stay with her."

"I wish I could," he said, brokenly.
"Oh, you can, you can!" cried the child, eagerly. "Ask him to stay, mamma!"

He looked at the woman as if half hoping that she would do as the child had asked her to.

But she gave no sign of having heard. She was ice and stone.

"God bless you and keep you, my darling, and give you a better, happier life than He has given me," he said, kissing her as we kiss the faces of our dead, and then he unclasped the clinging arms about his neck, and went out, groping blindly as if the world was suddenly full of darkness.

And still the woman at the window never stirred. She heard his steps go down the hall, and then the closing of the door, and saw him going up the road. Once he turned and looked back. He saw her standing there, cold and unrelenting.

She watched him out of sight. Then she turned and came to where Peace was lying prone upon the carpet, sobbing as if her little heart would break.

Leonard Heath had married Alice Carle six years before. For a while the current of their new life flowed smoothly. Then trouble began. Both were quick and impulsive. Hot words were spoken, and gradually a barrier grew up between them which neither strove to tear away. They were too proud to yield to each other, though both were equally in the fault. So matters had gone on, until they had resolved to separate and go on in different ways to the end of the journey of life. And this morning he had gone away—it might be forever.

The summer was drawing to its close. There were autumn tints on sky and river, warm, blue, and strangely suggestive of that saddest season of the year, which was not far away now.

Alice sat beside the window with Peace's yellow curls against her breast, and thought of many things. Half a year had gone by since her husband left her. Six years had not used to seem so long a time. Of late she had thought much of their bitter trouble, and her heart had accused her sharply. She was beginning to feel what a bitter, bitter thing remorse is when it comes too late.

Peace stirred uneasily, opened her pansy eyes, and looked up.

"I dreamed such a beautiful dream, mamma," she said. "I thought papa was here. Oh, papa, papa! I want him so much!" and the child hid her face upon her mother's arm and sobbed. There had no day gone by since her father went away that she had not cried for him to come back to her.

Her mother's tears splashed on her cheeks, and she looked up.

"Oh, mamma, won't you send for him?" she pleaded. "If I should die, papa would want to see me before I died."

Alice's heart gave a great throb of fear. For a week Peace had been unwell. She seemed to be fading as a flower does. Her face was white and thin, and her eyes had a strange look in them that frightened Alice sometimes.

What if her child were going to die? She could bear anything but that. She clasped her to her heart as if she would keep death away by the magic of a mother's arms.

The next day Peace was very ill. Her face was full of feverish color, and her eyes had a vague, far-off look in them.

"She will die," Alice said to the neighbor who came to sit a little while with her. "I know it well enough now."